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Poetry.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

Woman's Magazine.

YOU'VE a neat little wife at home, John,
As sweet as you wish to see;
As faithful and gentle hearted,
As fond as wife can be;
A genuine, home-loving woman,
Not caring for fuss and show;
She's dearer to you than life John;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As, likewise, your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With buttons where buttons should be.
Her house is a cozy home nest, John,
A heaven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure:
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John,
Let fortune be foul or fair:
Of whatever come to you, John,
She cheerfully bears her share;
You feel she's a brave, true helper,
And worha s far more than you know
'Twill lighten her ene of the load, John,
Just to kiss h r and tell her so.

There's a crossroad somewhere in life, John,
Where a hand on a guiding stone
Will signal one "over the river,"
And the other must go on alone.
Should she reach the sad milestone first, John,
'Twill be comfort amid your woe
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her and told her so.

JENNIE.

Chicago News.

Some men affect a liking
For the prim in face and mind
And some prefer the striking
And the lend in womankind;
Wee Madge is wooed of many,
And buxom Kate, as well,
And Jennie—charming Jennie—
Ah, Jennie doesn't tell!

What eyes so bright as Daisy's,
And who as Maud so fair?
Who does not sing the praises
Of Lucy's golden hair?
There's Sophie—she is witty,
A very sprite is Nell,
And Susie's, oh, so pretty—
But Jennie doesn't tell!

And now for my confession:
Of all the virtues rare,
I regard that discretion
Doth most bosom the fair,
And though I hear the many
Extol each other belle,
I—I pronounce for Jennie,
For Jennie doesn't tell!

A FANTASY.

B. H. STODDARD.

We might be more than happy
And lead such perfect lives,
If all of were children
And none were husbands, wives;
But boys grow, and girls grow,
Together or apart,
Till some day each discovers
The other has a heart.
This halves their joys and doubles their cares,
And ends in wrinkles and gray hairs;
In the feet that rock the cradle,
In the hands that toil for bread,
The trouble about the living,
The sorrow above the dead.

What can we do, then? Nothing more
Than those who beg:t and bore us;
They make our lives before us
As theirs were made before,
We must be up and doing,
Maidens flying and men pursuing,
Then hey! for billing and cooing,
And ho! for wooing and winning,
The world will never mend;
Love w s before the beginning,
And will be after the end.

Our Story Teller.

HOW HE WON HER.

A Tale of the Races When the Sub-Lieutenant Rode to Win.

"DID not know you had so much poetry in your composition," observed Mrs. Anstruther languidly.

Leila Marsden arranged the delicate lace at her wrist with an air of abstraction. "He is very good looking, and he rides splendidly," she said, "and he—er—he does love me to distraction, you know."

"As many others probably will do before your time is over, my dear; but that has nothing to do with the case. You must get married, and Temple is just the man for you. As for the other one, he'll get over it in time; they always do. You are surely not going to trouble your silly little head about him?"

Miss Marsden rose and walked across the room to the veranda. "I'll think about it," she said, half turning in the doorway to glance back at her sister. "I'll think about it, and I'll make up my mind this evening. There! I can't promise more than that, can I Rose? You are satisfied, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am satisfied," replied Mrs. Anstruther; and, as she dozed through the long afternoon that followed, she allowed her sister to figure very prominently in her dreams as the wife of Major Temple Arburton, of the —— Hussars, and future baronet.

Sizirabad is famous for its pretty girls; but prettiest and most striking of all was Leila Marsden at the race ball that night. "Race ball" is, perhaps, too big a term to be properly applied to it; but the arrival of a couple of regiments on their way to the frontier had stirred up Sizirabad to sports on three days of the week, the race ball intervening.

"You'll come down to see the finish to-morrow, Miss Marsden?" asked Tommy Campbell, the wit of Sizirabad, as he strolled up to Leila that evening and asked her for a dance. "If he's the cup race you're off, you know, and the ladies' handicap, and the race Willoughby rides to win—the one with the lady as prize."

"What do you mean?" asked Leila, laughing.

"He means the ladies' prize race," said Major Arburton, standing close behind her, and glowering at Campbell over her shoulder.

"And is Mr. Willoughby quite likely to win it?" asked Leila somewhat indifferently.

"The betting is all on him, but he's got a ticklish mount, and I don't like that left-hand corner of the course. With a pulling horse, and a vicious brute into the bargain, you stand a gare chance of jumping the hedge and disappearing down the precipice. Can't imagine why they don't arrange things better in this outlandish land; but then I never have seen the advantages of India. Beg your pardon, Miss Marsden, didn't mean a pun." And he disappeared among the dancers with a comical look on his face, while Leila laughed forcedly and turned to her partner.

"How odd he is!" she said. "By the way, what horse is Mr. Willoughby going to ride to-morrow in the ladies' race?"

"One of mine—Mazeppa. You seem to take a great interest in that fellow Willoughby" (jealously).

"Not at all. He is rather a friend of my sister's," replied Leila carelessly. "Are not you going to ride in this interesting race, Major Arburton?"

"If you wish it (very tenderly), and if my weight will allow of it" (doubtfully).

The mixed sentiment jarred on Leila; but he was rich, in a good regiment, with excellent prospects. What mattered it that he was far beyond 30, and no longer so slim as he had been. He was a good match for a penniless girl, and she had no choice; and so, long before the evening was over, people were whispering together concerning Miss Marsden and Major Arburton, and a report flew about that he had proposed and been accepted.

The truth or otherwise of such statements was not to be readily ascertained. To all outward observance she was cold and haughty and beautiful as ever, but she knew that she looked at her programme over and over again, to make sure that there was no mistake, and that the initials "C. C. W." scrawled against the fifteenth valse made her await that dance with a sickening heart.

It came at last. The band struck up the strains of a well known valse, the room began to fill, and presently Leila Marsden, with paler cheeks than usual, and a strange beating of the heart, was floating round with Charlie Willoughby as partner.

"Shall we sit the rest out?" he asked, when they paused at length.

Leila bent her head in assent and they passed out of the room on to the long, low veranda, somewhat to the dismay of her sister, who had watched them eagerly while together. The moonlight threw the girl's pale face and tall, slight figure into strong relief against the dark veranda background. Charley Willoughby leaned against a pillar overrun with creeper and looked at her fixedly. He made no excuse for himself, nor did he break the silence between them. His eyes searched her face as though he would read there what he dared not trust himself to hear.

Presently Leila spoke. Her voice sounded faint and far away, even to herself. "I hear," she said, pleadingly, "that you are going to ride a very vicious horse to-morrow in the ladies' prize race. Please don't ride it; please do not."

"And I hear that you are engaged to marry Major Arburton" (without the slightest reference to her appeal). "Is that true, Leila, or is it not?"

She looked down and traced a little pattern on the stone floor with her foot.

"Is it true or is it not?" he repeated fiercely.

She lifted her eyes to his and saw there the passion which trembled in his voice.

"Don't be angry; oh, do not!" she cried, putting up her hand with a deprecating gesture. "They have made me do it. am a burden to my sister, you know, and I couldn't bend it any longer, and he is not so bad. But I love you the best—oh, so much the best! You know it; only I—I—I am so miserable."

"Doubtless," he said, gravely, never for an instant removing his eyes from the fair, piteous face; "so am I—very miserable, so have I been for the past month; but my misery doesn't seem to touch you much. So you are going to marry this Crœsus, this enderly future baronet, and throw me over quite, are you Leila?"

She twisted and untwisted her hands nervously, but made no reply.

"And you are good enough to take sufficient interest in me to wish me not to break my neck to-morrow.

She was still silent.

"Very good. Then listen to me. I ride to-morrow, and I ride to win, and you are to be the prize. Yes, you—do not look so startled—you! I ride to win, or I ride to—never mind that part of the business. If I win I shall consider you mine in spite of all the Major Arburtons in the world. If not—do you understand the alternative, Leila?"

She bent her head. Could she avoid understanding.

"It lies with you," he went on steadily. "You know my horse, you know the race course, you know me. Be to-morrow before starting you bid me ride to win, very good; if not—. The music has begun again. Shall I take you back to your elderly future baronet?"

* * * * * *

"My dear Leila, what nonsense!" cried Mrs. Anstruther. "Rub your cheeks, child, and drink this wine. You look as white as a ghost, and about as unhappy. Not go to the races! You will have every one saying it is all off again, just as it is all on. It is too aggravating of you, really."

It was the day following the ball. Leila, in her sister's room, was utterly refusing to accompany her to the race course, and equally positive in her refusal to see Major Arburton.

"I know what it is," Mrs. Anstruther went on angrily; "that boy has been talking nonsense to you. It was too foolish of you to give him a dance last night. If I had known it, I should have taken you home, most certainly."

"He did not talk nonsense, and he is not foolish, nor is he a boy," cried Leila, vehemently; and then she gave way, and relapsed into copious weeping.

"At any rate, he is only a sub-lieutenant, and never possibly have more than hundred a year. And what is more, he doesn't mean it seriously with you. If you throw over Major Arburton now, you will be throwing him over for a mere shadow. Everybody knows what a flirt Charlie Willoughby is. He makes love to every girl he meets."

"That is true!" exclaimed Leila, with an effort at drying her tears.

"H'm! How about Fanny Hope, and one or two others I could mention?" Silence. "And how about his debts?" Silence. "And his gambling—and that actress, and—"

Leila sprang to her feet. "I won't listen any more!" she cried. "I do care for him, and hate Major Arburton, and I won't marry him, and I will not go to the races to-day."

Mrs. Anstruther grew pale. She felt her last chance was going. "Then I shall have to remind you," she said firmly, "that I cannot support all my brothers and sisters all their lives. I did my best for Nell, and I am doing my best for you. You seem to forget that I have children of my own to be brought up. I counted on your marrying me soon as possible. I did not count on your throwing up a reasonable chance."

"It was cruel, but it had its effect. Leila turned very white, then she moved to the door. "I will go with you," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

* * * * * *

The ladies' prize race was the next on the programme. Considerable excitement prevailed among the fair sex as to who should win it. Leila alone sat calm and unmoved among the spectators. She did not seem to hear or see anything, till suddenly there was a little stir and bustle, and murmurs of "Of course he'll win," "He's sure of the race," "I feel inclined to congratulate you already, Mr. Willoughby, you look so like winning," etc.

The hero of the race took little notice of such like remarks. He made his way to Leila and bent low over her.

"Which is it to be?" he asked.

For an instant earth and sky reeled round her, then her brain cleared, and she saw his face, resolute, handsome, desperate. She hesitated for one instant, then she spoke:

"Ride to win."

The words were so low he could scarcely hear them, but when he turned away there was a smile in his eyes.

The horses and their riders were drawn up in a line. Leila strained her eyes to watch every movement of black and white, Mr. Willoughby's colors. Mazeppa fidgeted and caught at his bit. There was some little delay, then the flag was dropped; they were off. At first breathless silence, then growing excitement. The course was a small one, and the race was to be run twice round.

Major Arburton, who had not taken part in it, uttered a "Thank God" as Mazeppa passed the dangerous corner in safety for the first time. "Blue to the front; no, yellow's pushing up; no, that's Meldon. Stick to it, Meldon. Willoughby's passed him. By Jove! he's got his work cut out for him with that horse. Now they're neck and neck. Good race. No, Willoughby's gaining; no, Meldon; no—by heaven!"

A scream from one of the ladies, a general consternation in the grand stand, a sudden cessation of interest in the race. Charlie Willoughby rode to win, but the providence he had dared revenged itself on him. Mazeppa had forced the bit between his teeth, shied away from the course, and, leaping the frail protection of a hedge which separated it from the side of the hill, had disappeared with his rider.

* * * * * *

"It was a narrow shave, and no mistake," said Charlie Willoughby, going over the story for the hundredth time with his wife the second month of their marriage.

"But the best part of it all was when I knelt down beside you and would not leave you," laughed Leila. "I shall never forget Major Arburton's face, nor his words next day, when he told me all was over between us, and that the best thing I could do, after having made such an exhibition of myself, was to marry 'that young puppy.'"

"No," said her husband, tenderly; "the best part of it all was that I rode to win, and that I did win—what I most wanted—my wife."

A Better Scheme.

"May I have the pleasure of accompanying you on the straw ride, Miss Greene," said the young man, hopefully; "your mother is going to chaperone the party?"

She hesitated a minute before answering. "I don't know think," she replied at length, "that mamma is going as chaperone it would be better to sit on the front piazza if mamma is away?"

THE STUB-TAILED COW.

A Story Which Is Attributed to Abraham Lincoln.

N. Y. Tribune.

Stories of President Lincoln's keen humor are seemingly inexhaustible. One which I think has never appeared in print comes from a man who held a prominent office under Lincoln, and who knew the great statesman well. At an official ball some thieves made off with many of the hats and overcoats of the guests, so that when the Presidential party was ready to take leave Vice President Hamlin's head covering was not to be found.

"I'll tell you what, Hamlin," said a friend; "early in the evening I saw a man, possessed of keen foresight, hide his hat upstairs. I am sure he would be willing to donate it to the administration, and I will go and get it for you."

When the hat was produced it was discovered to be very much after the style affected by Hamlin, but it bore a badge of mourning, which emblem the vice president ripped off with his penknife. The party stood chatting merrily as they waited for the carriages to be driven up, when a man stopped directly in front of Mr. Hamlin and stood staring at the "tile" with which his head was covered.

"What are you looking at, sir?" asked Hamlin sharply.

"Your hat," answered the man mildly. "If it had a weed on it I should say it was mine."

"Well, it hasn't got a weed on it, has it?" asked the vice president.

"No, sir," said the hatless man, "it hasn't."

"Then it isn't your hat, is it?" said the proud possessor of it.

"No, I guess not," said the man as he turned to walk away. When the little scene was explained to President Lincoln he laughed heartily and said:

"That reminds me, Hamlin, of a long time ago when I was pioneering and soldiering in Illinois and we put up a joke on some officers of the United States army. My party and I were a long way off from the comforts of civilized life, and our only neighbors were the garrison of a United States fort. We did pretty well for rations, had plenty of salt meat and flour, but milk was not to be had for love or money, and as we all longed for the delicacy we thought it pretty mean that the officers of the fort, who had two cows—a stubbed-tailed one and a black and white one—offered us no milk, though we threw out many and strong hints that it would be acceptable. At last after much consultation we decided to teach them a lesson and borrow or steal one of those cows—I just as you choose to put it. But how it could be done without the cow being at once identified and recovered was the question. At last we hit upon a plan. One of our party was dispatched a day's ride to the nearest slaughter-house, where he procured a long red cow's tail to match the color of the stub-tailed cow, after possessing ourselves of which animal we neatly tied our purchase to the poor stub, and with appetites whetted by long abstinence we drank and relished the sweet milk which 'our cow' gave. A few days afterward we were honored by a call from the commander of the fort. 'Say, boys,' said he, 'we have lost one of our cows.' Of course we felt very sorry and expressed our regret accordingly. 'But,' continued the commander, 'I came over to say that if that cow of your had a stub tail, I should say it was ours.'

"'But she hasn't a stub tail, has she?' asked we, sure of our point.

"'No,' said the officer, 'she certainly has not a stub tail.'

"'Well, she isn't your cow then,' and our argument was unanswerable as was Hamlin's."

FUN WITH THE OLD MAN.

How He Took the Sauce Out of a Pert Waiter Girl.

Puck.

He was a meek-looking old gentleman from the country, and as he took his seat at the dining room table the drummers looked at him over their soup spoons. They noted his weather-beaten face, his wet hair carefully parted and brushed around over his ears, and his air of diffidence as he nervously fingered his fork; and when the waiter girl stood at his side and winked at the boot-and-shoe man they were all attention.

"Soup?" she asked.

The old man seemed a bit surprised at the brevity of the bill of fare, and fidgeted about as though waiting for her to say something more.

"Would you like some soup?" said the girl, with a side glance at the coffee-and-spice man.

"I ain't particular about soup as I know of," answered the old man.

"Boil' mutt'n, capersauce, roas' beef, r's' lamb, r's' veal, fricasse chick'n, cole hamtongue, chick'n salad, fritters, boil' n' baked p'tatus," said the girl with lightning-like rapidity.

The old man looked kind of helpless, and the boys felt a little sorry for him as he kept his eyes fastened on the fork, which he shoved from side to side with his fingers.

"I guess I'll take—I guess you'll have to say that again," he said, looking up, and the girl rattled the whole thing off in exactly the same time as before.

The old man looked round the table and caught sight of a drummer winking at the girl. Then he jerked his head around, and, looking her straight in the face, he said:

"You may gimme s'm bile cornbees 'n' cabbage, r'ast beef, veal 'n' mutt'n, cole chicken 'n' turkey 'n' tongue, 'n' s'm ham 'n' eggs 'n' codfish cakes 'n' sussage 'n' beefsteak 'n' a piece o' punkin pie 'n' cup o' coffee, sis, 'n' now see ef yer kin make yer little legs fly 's fast as ye kin yer tongue, for I wanter git home; there's a shower comin' up."

The girl hesitated, turned red, and then made a break for the kitchen, while the drummer laughed and the old man gazed out of the window at the gathering clouds.

He Wasn't Bashful.

Mrs. Prim—Good morning, Tommy. Did your mother send you in?

Tommy (aged 8)—No'm. I thought I would like to make a call.

Mrs. Prim—That is very nice, I am sure. But you mustn't be bashful on your first call. Can't you raise your eyes from the carpet?

Tommy—Oh, I'm not bashful, but mother says your carpet is so ugly it makes her sick to look at it, and I thought I would come in and try it myself.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Not Hereditary.

"Father," said Willie, who had just been corrected, "that strap is hereditary, isn't it?"

"I don't know that it is."

"But it descends from father to son, doesn't it?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

Easily Told.

Chief Detective—This man whom you have arrested is wonderfully disguised as a woman. How did you recognize him, by the way he fumbled for his pocket?

Assistant—No; I watched him go into a big store, and he bought the first thing he priced, and then came right out.—*Lawrence American.*

Eggs are Eggs.

Paddy Doolan went into a shop one day to buy eggs. "What are eggs to-day?" "Eggs are eggs to-day, Paddy," replied the shopman, looking quite triumphantly at two or three young lady customers who happened to be in the shop. "Faith, I'm glad to hear yez say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."—*Boston Sat. Eve. Gazette.*

Convenient Speed.

"This is a mighty convenient railroad," said a traveling man to the conductor.

"Glad you like it."

"Yes, it's great. You can get out wherever you want to without waiting for the car to stop."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Observant Florence.

Florence (six years old)—"Mamma, do dogs get married?"

Mamma—"No, my dear."

Florence—"Then what right has Hark to growl at Jennie when they are eating their breakfast?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue by D R Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER VI.

CALEB CHANGES HIS BASE OF OPERATIONS.

PROMPTLY on the following Monday morning Caleb Mason presented himself at the Dunlap homestead, with his worldly possessions tied up in a small bundle, prepared to begin his summer's work. The confidence which the old farmer had shown in the boy was not misplaced. Caleb showed himself to be untiringly industrious, and his summer's work but added to the confidence and esteem in which he was held by all of the household.

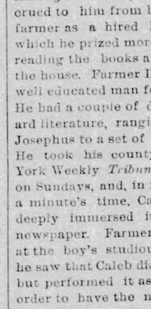
The boy had never had an opportunity to read anything save school books and an occasional newspaper, for books were an unknown quantity in the Mason cabin. Among the many advantages which accrued to him from his residence with the farmer as a hired hand there was none which he prized more highly than that of reading the books and newspapers about the house. Farmer Dunlap was a tolerably well educated man for that primitive day. He had a couple of dozen works of standard literature, ranging from the history of Josephus to a set of the Waverley novels. He took his county paper and the New York Weekly *Tribune*, and of evenings and on Sundays, and, in fact, whenever he had a minute's time, Caleb might be found deeply immersed in either a book or a newspaper. Farmer Dunlap was pleased at the boy's studious habits, especially as he saw that Caleb did not neglect his work, but performed it as rapidly as possible in order to have the more time to devote to his reading.

So the summer passed quietly and happily for Caleb, and Farmer Dunlap was more than satisfied with his bargain in securing him. He found him eminently trustworthy and entirely above any need of watching or supervision, Caleb worked steadily and honestly, whether working alone or under his immediate eye. So well pleased was he with the boy that one day in the early fall, meeting old man Mason on the road, a sudden impulse caused him to stop and broach a subject which had been a matter of consideration for some time.

"Mr. Mason," he began, "what are you going to do with Caleb this winter—send him to school again?"

Caleb's father scratched his head meditatively a moment before replying. Then expectorating a huge mouthful of tobacco-juice, he answered:

"Wall, I dunno. Cale's got to be a pretty good sized chunk of a boy, an' I think its 'bout time he was arnin' his own



OLD MASON AND MR. DUNLAP DISCUSS CALEB

livin'. Besides, he's got schoolin' enough. Why," he continued, with an injured air, "that boy's got more eddication than I have! I don't see that I'm called to give him any more. I don't 'spect he's ever goin' to be a lawyer or a preacher. I've had enough time to get along as it is, an' I guess Cale had better be humpin' himself to hoe his own row."

"Well," said Dunlap, slowly, "I like Cale pretty well. He's been doing first rate up at my place this summer—that is, for a boy. I've been thinking that perhaps you wouldn't object to letting him stay with md this winter, say from the first of October, for his board and clothes."

"Seems to me, farmer," broke in the old man, "that board and clothes is pretty slim wages for a boy as big as Cale. Why, he'd do better'n that gittin' out saw-logs this winter, or splittin' rails, or even cuttin' cord-wood."

Old man Mason was shrewd in his way, and he knew pretty clearly what farmer Dunlap's "liking" for Caleb would lead him to do. He had no idea of taking the boy away from the farm-house so long as Dunlap was willing to keep him. He knew from experience with his older boys that if Caleb remained at home during the winter there would merely be one more mouth to feed; and with his chronic thirst for whisky, he knew that then he would get less of it—and this was not to be thought of. But he deemed it due to his dignity as a father that he should make some demur to the plan proposed.

The result of the conference between the two men was that Caleb should remain with Mr. Dunlap during the winter for his board and clothes, having also the privilege of attending school. During the summer months of the next year he was to be paid wages, at a certain stipulated rate. No time was set at which this arrangement was to terminate, old Mason being perfectly willing that it should continue indefinitely, or until Caleb should attain his majority; and Mr. Dunlap not wishing to bind himself for any number of years in the future.

When Caleb was informed of the result of the interview by his employer, a look came over his face, exclaimed, in tones of

"Well, I'm glad I'm going to get to go to school this winter. I was afraid that I couldn't manage it, and I have just begun to find out how little I know."

"That is the beginning of all knowledge, Caleb," returned the farmer. "A man is never ready to learn anything until he finds what an enormous lot there is in this world to learn. But how did you happen to find that out, Caleb?"

"Oh, it came to me this summer, since I have been reading the books and papers up at the house. The night that school closed and I won the spelling-match, I really thought that I knew a good deal. I supposed that all the words in the English language were in the speller; but I tell you, Mr. Dunlap, it was a mighty lucky thing for me that Major Starkweather didn't take some other book to pronounce from. I'd have gone down in two or three rounds."

In point of fact, Caleb's mind had been very busy during the long summer days, going up and down the corn rows with the shovel-plow behind old Tom, a horse that had seen so many years' service that he could hug a row of corn the entire length of the field without requiring a touch on the line. Caleb had found ample time each day to think over the subject-matter of the previous evening's reading, and began to align himself with human thought and action. He began to realize that the world was a vastly greater place than he had supposed it to be.

He saw too, that brains and money rule the world—only, by an error, which is today common among men, much older than he was, he transposed the proper way, reading it "money and brains" in place of the reverse. He was not acute enough to see that though sometimes it may be that money buys brains, still that money is but the agent, while brains is the principal; mind, not lucre, rules the world. And in this fundamental error we may trace some of the things in Caleb's later career which had an important bearing upon his success in life.

Caleb realized as never before that in his cabin home he and his family were practically slaves. They remained at a standstill, so far as progress and development are concerned; and as the world is ceaselessly marching onward, as a result they were lagging farther and farther behind. And Caleb did not wish to lag. He burned to be in the van; he panted for a place in the front rank.

He realized, too, the necessity, if he was to become a man of action, that he should mentally "keep touch"—as soldiers do, elbow to elbow—with his fellow men; and he also saw, though without forming it into words, that the newspaper was the most potent agent for keeping in harmony with the great world. He saw that the first thing to do was to acquire knowledge; that if he were to carry out his intention of going out into the world and securing for himself wealth, power and station, he must, by the time he reached manhood, have himself equipped mentally as well as possible—that he must be superior to as many as he could, and at least the equal of any.

So he was perfectly contented with the arrangement that Farmer Dunlap had made with his father. He had fully made up his mind that he would get an education somehow, and, therefore, that he should attend school during the coming winter. Had not Farmer Dunlap anticipated him in making his arrangements, he would certainly have preferred the request to work on board wages for the privilege of going to school. His present surroundings suited him very well. He had made up his mind never to return to his father's cabin.

He realized fully the advantage it was to him to be an inmate of the household of the richest and most influential farmer in the country-side. When one of the boys of his own age, with whom he had had a dispute at threshing time, had twitted him with being "old Dunlap's pet," Caleb only laughed, and did not resent what was intended to be an insult. It was a great advantage, he shrewdly saw, that the powerful Farmer Dunlap should be considered his especial champion and protector. He was even sweet to have the boy speak in such a bitter tone, for it showed that he was envious of Caleb. It marked to the latter the fact that he had mounted in the social scale—that there was somebody below him who looked enviously upon his position. Caleb was long-headed for a boy of fourteen.

It was one day in October that it became necessary for Farmer Dunlap to take a load of corn to Pulaski, and it fell to Caleb's duty to drive the heavily laden wagon. The farmer himself took his dandy wagon. Sarah had begged to accompany her father, and he, ever indulgent, allowed her to do so. Of course they arrived in town some time in advance of the heavy farm wagon, and Sarah was left to spend the day with some friends residing in the town, while her father transacted his business. The grain wagon was driven to the warehouse and unloaded, and the team fetched, along with those of a score or two of others belonging to farmers who had come to town, upon the public square. Caleb went with Mr. Dunlap to two or three places where the latter had business to transact, and finally into the office of *Clarion*, Mr. Dunlap's errand there being to pay his annual subscription.

The newspaper office was located in the second story of a business block, directly above a grocery store. A narrow and very dirty flight of stairs led to the entrance door, which had probably once been white, but was now so covered with dust and dirt, and bore so many traces of inky fingers, that it was difficult to tell what was the original color. This door led directly into the editorial room. It was Caleb's first visit to a newspaper office, and it was a genuine surprise. The boy had formed a very high opinion of newspapers and their importance in the world, and he naturally supposed that a newspaper office itself would reflect the dignity of the profession.

The *Clarion* was a fair sample of the average country newspaper establishment at that day. The only furniture of which the room boasted was a large table standing in the middle of the floor, which the editor utilized as a desk, and on it was piled a confused heap of newspapers, several account books, with paper and other writing materials. There were a couple of broken-backed chairs, in one of which the editor was seated, gazing reflectively at a battered old stove which, as there was no fire in it, he was utilizing as a foot-rest. Near the door was a stand supporting a nest of pigeon-holes, one for each letter of the alphabet, for the convenience of those subscribers of the *Clarion* who called at the office for their papers, and a row of shelves against one wall, evidently the work of some amateur carpenter, were filled with patent office reports, bound volumes of the *Congressional Globe*, and a miscellaneous assortment of public documents and other brie-a-brac of the sort found in every country newspaper office. The opposite wall was entirely devoted to home-made racks, on which were displayed the entire stock of wooden job type belonging to the office, for which apparently there was no space in the other room.

The editor was aroused from his meditations by the opening of the door, and turned his head listlessly to see who the newcomers might be. As soon as he recognized his visitor, a sudden change came over him. He sprang to his feet and greeted Farmer Dunlap with effusion.

"Why, Mr. Dunlap, this is an unexpected pleasure!" said he heartily, shaking the old man's hand effusively. "How do you do? It has been long since you climbed the stairs to the *Clarion* office. I'm glad to see you down! Sit down!"

He responded to his greeting, and to the other spavined chair, and himself with a cant-

OFFICE AND EDITOR OF THE "CLARION."

dle-box turned upon one end, which had evidently served the purpose of a seat many times previously. Mr. Dunlap's errand was to pay his annual subscription, which being done, the conversation drifted off into talk upon the crops and then into neighborhood matters; for Mr. Rhoads, the editor, was a man of considerable shrewdness. He had mastered some elementary principles of success in rural journalism which were not well understood at that day. He understood, first, that it flattered a man to be asked his opinion on topics of public interest; second, that any subject upon which two men, from different sections of the country, who came to town on business and there met by accident, would stop upon the street and discuss, was of sufficient interest to be mentioned in the paper. His own interest also dictated that he should be on as friendly terms as possible with his subscribers. Consequently whenever a farmer dropped into the office, or he met him upon the street, Mr. Rhoads put these principles into practice, as he was now doing with Mr. Dunlap.

A queer, jerking series of noises, which followed each other with uninterrupted regularity from the inner room, excited Caleb's curiosity. After striving in vain to determine their cause, the boy quietly arose and passed through the door into the office proper.

The windows looking upon the main street were devoted to the stands and cases of the workmen. Around the walls were the cabinets containing the job type. In the middle of the floor were the large imposing-stones—the one for the newspaper forms, the other for job work; and at the other end of the room, next the windows which looked out to the rear of the building, was an old Smith newspaper hand press. This machine was then in action, printing the outside pages of the next issue of the *Clarion*, and it created the noise which had excited Caleb's curiosity.

The boy stood for some time watching the slow process of printing. The roller-boy behind the press kept steadily at work, either rolling the form or distributing the ink upon the roller; the pressman lifted a sheet of paper to the tympan, turned down the frisket over it, then turned down the tympan with the paper upon the type, which had been freshly inked, and by turning the rounce, ran the bed containing the type, covered by paper and tympan, under the platen; and then grasping the great handle of the press, and throwing his weight thereon, exerted great pressure by means of a combination of levers, whose invention by a man named Smith gave the press its distinctive name. This made the impression; the lever was let go, the bed of the press run out, tympan and frisket opened, and the printed sheet removed. While the pressman was removing it and placing a fresh sheet in position, the roller-boy was busily inking the type. The process was very interesting to Caleb, and he stood for a long time watching it.

Meanwhile the boy became the subject of conversation in the other room. Rhoads had noticed his appearance, and casually inquired:

"By the way, Dunlap, who is that boy who came in with you?"

"His name is Caleb Mason; he's living with me."

"Rather sharp fellow, I should say, from his face."

"Just so; a very bright boy, as well as a good one—the only white sheep in a family of black ones."

"Indeed! Where is he from?"

"He is the youngest son of old Seth Mason; you know his father, I fancy."

The editor laughed. "What, old Seth Mason? Well, I didn't suppose as worthless an old brute as he could possibly have a son like that."

Mr. Dunlap gave the editor a brief account of Caleb, which so interested Mr. Rhoads that he desired to take another look at the boy. So the two men entered the printing office. Caleb was still watching the man and boy at work at the press. Rhoads placed his hand on the boy's shoulder with the remark:

"Well, my boy, how should you like to work in a printing office?"

"I should like it very much, sir. I've often thought I should like to be a printer."

"Would you, indeed! Well, now, why?" inquired the editor.

"Because I should be able to get books and papers to read; and then a newspaper ought to give a man considerable influence. He talks to more people than anybody else."

Mr. Rhoads laughed. "Well, young man, I see you have a pretty high idea of editorial work. Some of these days when you want to learn to be a printer, come to me and I will give you a job. Were you ever in a printing office before?"

"No, sir, never."

"Indeed! Step this way and see how they set type."

Mr. Rhoads led the way to the other end of the room, where the only other workman was busily engaged in composition. Mr. Rhoads, who was a very genial man, explained briefly the method of setting type, prudently answering the many questions which Caleb put to him. When Mr. Dunlap signified that it was time to go, the editor accompanied them to the door, and shaking hands with both his visitors, said laughingly:

"Well, Dunlap, this boy was certainly intended to be an editor. You had better let me have him in a year or two, and put him in training."

The visit to the *Clarion* office gave form to certain longings of Caleb as to his future. He had already made up his mind, as we know, to become a man of power and influence. He knew that it was impossible to do this while working by day's works upon the farm. He appreciated clearly the great gulf fixed between the man who owns the land and the man who tills it for hire, and he had no way to become a land-owner. To get land, he must have money, and to get money rapidly he knew he must follow some more lucrative occupation than that of a hired hand. Caleb knew that the occupations which bring money rapidly are those in which a man's brains are actually employed; sex-brawn and muscle are much cheaper in the market than mind. And somehow, he thought he saw that the printing-office could be made a higher field of work than the farm.

For one thing, he would be in Pulaski, the county seat, and it would be easy to get books and to enlarge his store of knowledge. He would find people who would aid him in gaining an education in the law, which was his secret ambition. From the farm to the law office was a very long step, but with the printing office as an intermediate stepping stone, the project looked feasible. If he had read in a newspaper story of Thomas Ewing reading law while boiling salt in the Hocking Valley, the bright fire under the kettles serving as a lamp. Caleb could see no reason why a printer could not put in his spare evenings in reading law.

It was not long after this until the district school re-opened for the winter term, and Caleb, grown stouter and taller and healthier with his summer's work, and with more nourishing food than that to which he had been accustomed, entered joyously upon his duties.

His summer's reading had been of incalculable benefit to him. He had not only read all the books in Farmer Dunlap's library, but had steadily devoured the newspapers as they came week by week. He knew a great deal of what was going on in the world, and had a very clear idea of politics. He was able to tell the attitude of each of the great parties on the questions before the people, and was altogether a far more intelligent boy, with a much greater degree of mental development, than he had been six months before when the school closed. Then he was a child in mind; now his mental horizon had infinitely expanded, and he was consequently far better prepared to grapple with his studies. He took some new branches in addition to the old ones, and he fairly amazed his teacher by the rapidity with which he mastered them.

The country schools of that day possessed one great advantage that the graded schools of to-day sadly lack—the keen, willing pupil could go as fast as he pleased. He was not held back and allowed to go only so fast as the class of mediocres and dullards with whom he was associated could progress. Hence, he covered in that winter term as much ground as a pupil under the present system would have passed over in two school years. And what he learned was not held by a mere effort of memory, but it was made a part of his own mental fibre.

Thus two years passed on. The summers were devoted to work, the winters to study.

It was in the late summer weather. There was a premonition of frost in the air; the golden rod had hung its yellow tassels out upon the hillside, the orange clusters of the bittersweet peeped out from the masses of its leaves as it clambered luxuriantly over the fence-rows, and the air was filled with the shrill chirp of the grasshoppers.

It was a Sunday afternoon. Caleb Mason was sitting listlessly upon the porch of the Dunlap farmhouse; a book he had just finished reading was lying upon his knee and his eyes were fixed dreamily upon vacancy.

"What, Caleb, are you dreaming?" said Sarah Dunlap, who had come from the interior of the house without his noticing her, so deep was his self-absorption. Caleb started, and his thoughts came back to his immediate surroundings.

"Hardly dreaming," he replied, turning to Sarah, who seated herself in the door, whose sill was a step higher than the porch, "it could hardly be called dreaming; it was more a looking into the future to find what it had in store for me."

"Well, and what did you find?" queried she.

Sarah was growing pretty, that was certain. The freckles had all disappeared from her face; there was a peachy bloom upon the cheeks; her lips, which yet retained their childish curve, were like a thread of scarlet, and as they parted gave a glimpse of the even, pearly teeth within; her abundant hair, in childhood yellow as a wheat sheaf, had taken a darker hue, but still showed the gold when the sunlight played among her curling tresses. She made a pretty picture sitting there, framed in the old doorway—so pretty that Caleb stopped to admire, instead of answering her.

Sarah repeated her question, somewhat imperiously.

"I don't know as I found anything," replied the boy; "but I think—I think, Sarah, that I shall go to Pulaski to the academy this winter. The term begins to-morrow week, and——"

"Going to Pulaski academy!" exclaimed Sarah in a tone of amazement, her eyes widening with surprise. "Why—I thought —why don't you go to school here this winter?"

"Well," returned Caleb, reflectively, "it's a fact, Sarah, though I shouldn't say it, but I have got all the good I can from this teacher. I know more about some things than he does. I saw him last evening down at the cross roads, and he said that if he were me he should go to the academy. He said I could get along much faster there; and I'm bound to have an education somehow."

"But what does father say to this?"

"That's what I don't know. I hate to go away, Sarah."

"Go away!" exclaimed the child in consternation.

"Why, Sarah, it's twelve miles to Pulaski, and you know that I could not go back and forward every day."

Sarah, who had arisen to her feet in her excitement, stood still a moment, and then darted into the house, calling back: "I'm going to ask father about it!"

The result of the conference between Farmer Dunlap and his little daughter and Caleb was, that on the Monday morning of the following week Caleb started to the academy at Pulaski. He had saved up enough of the wages he received during the summers to pay his expenses for the winter at the academy. Farmer Dunlap, however, had not come to the end of his generosity toward the boy. He went with him to Pulaski, and made arrangements for him to board with a family in the town, rooming with the assistant teacher at the academy—a nice young man just out of college, who was glad

Recent Literature.

AUGUST BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"Three Days"—A Short History of Ireland—Epictetus—Pleasures of Life—Helene—Pamphlet Novels—Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Three Days" is called by its author, Samuel Williams Cooper, a midsummer love story, and is just what its name purports, a surface recital of summer outing place wooing that one can read in a half hour lazily and dreamily, requiring no effort of intellect, but simply affording entertainment. It tells, however, an oft-told story that never is less than truly pathetic, even though all of the incidents are compressed into three days. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia.

"A Short History of Ireland," by Justin McCarthy, is published by John B. Alden, New York. It is well, even enthusiastically written, and the author has made a most interesting story. Few people, probably, are aware of how full the history of Ireland is of romance, of heroic and instructive examples, as well as of pathos. It is a good book to read, for both old and young, and good to have handy for reference, since the history of Ireland is "making" every day, more prominently in the public vision, than any other country.

From the same publisher comes "Epictetus, Stoic Philosopher," who has been called the Emerson of the ancients. It has been well observed that the peculiar excellence of the writings of this philosopher consists in their simple and noble earnestness. Than real, heart-felt love of good, and hatred of evil, which we associate with Christian feeling, manifests itself very finely and beautifully in these writings, though there is not in them a trace to show that he was acquainted with Christianity.

Another little book full of excellence is the second part of the well-known "Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock. It is fascinating reading, both for what it tells and for the fine literary qualities that mark the manner of the telling, and that it will meet with as wide an appreciation and as general a favor as attended the first part is inevitable. There can be fewer pleasanter books to read than this one, and it seems to arouse the reader to higher thoughts and an appreciation of the real meaning of life. It is also published by J. B. Alden.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, comes, in pamphlet form, "Helene," by Emile Zola. The story shows the author's remarkable descriptive powers in the soul and life of a good woman—the birth, growth, culmination and death of what might have wrought ruin to herself and brought destruction and misery upon others—so that in two short years, as she stood by the grave of the precocious and strangely fragile daughter, whose death put an end to her infatuation, she wondered how such a love ever took possession of her. The moral of the story is in the charity it teaches, in the recuperative power of a pure nature, and in the saving influence of an unselfish friendship which has the soul of love without its passion.

In Appleton's Town and Country Library comes "American Coin," a novel by the author of "Aristocracy"; and "The Light of Her Countenance," by H. H. Boyesen—both of them very good, readable novels by well known authors. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In the Riverside series published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., comes "But Yet a Woman," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, a novel which has already won the favor of the public through its publication as a serial. It will be welcomed in its present pamphlet form.

A novel in pamphlet form published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, is "Maximinia," by Don Armando Palacio Vaides. It describes in a dramatic way life in Madrid at the time when the revolutionary fever was rife. The heroine is a beautiful girl from the provinces, married to an aristocratic young editor of a liberal journal. Her character is drawn with marvellous fidelity. Journalism, politics, and society life furnish the scenes, which are painted with a brilliant touch. The book abounds in witty and humorous episodes, which form all the deeper contrast with the more serious and tragic portions of the story.

"Sounding Brass" is another novel in pamphlet form by Herbert G. Dick, issued by the American News company, New York. It is a rather sensational story, not unlike many others that hold the attention of readers seeking entertainment.

Literary Notes.

Gen. Sheridan's new book has reached the sale of 60,000 copies.

John Murphy & Co. have in press Cardinal Gibbons's new work, "Our Christian Heritage."

A cottage at Chalfont, Eng., that once belonged to Milton, is still in very good condition.

The career of an old misanthrope is told in Bret Harte's forthcoming novel, "The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh."

Pope's "Essay on Man," with MS. corrections in the poet's own handwriting, was lately sold in London for $160.

Arthur Dudley Vinton publishes with J. S. Ogilvie a paper-covered novel of a lively type, called "The Unpardonable Sin."

Prof. Arthur S. Hardy, of Dartmouth college, author of "But Yet a Woman" and "Passe Rose," is making a carriage tour of the White mountains.

Mrs. Katherine Chase, the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, is still at work on the life of her father. She lives at Edgewood, just outside of Washington.

"Old New York" is the title of a monthly journal relating to the history and antiquities of that city, edited and published by W. W. Pasco, at 19 Park Place.

A "Book of Wedding Days," to be issued at an early day, with nearly one hundred illustrations by Walter Crane, is a variation of the idea on which birthday books are made.

A new department is about to be added to *Lippincott's Magazine*. It will consist of humor, epigram, comic verse and illustration. The initial installment begins with one of Robert Burdette's articles.

An illustrated magazine will appear in Boston at the end of the month, opening with a "Plymouth number." It is called the *New England Magazine*, and is under the control of Edward Everett Hale and Edwin D. Mead.

A new volume of poems by Victor Hugo will soon make its appearance in Paris. It contains two dramas, "Amy Robsart," which was acted at the Odeon, and "Les Jumeaux" (the Twins), which was never finished.

"Problems of Great Britain," is the title of a work by Sir Charles Dilke, which will appear from the Macmillans this winter. It deals with the defense of India and Canada, and with the affairs of the empire in its colonies generally.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the fall a novel by Jane G. Austin, entitled "Standish of Standish." It is historical in character, and will remind readers of "A Nameless Nobleman, Colonial New England furnishes the setting.

A delightful study of animal life and character is contributed by Olive Thorne Miller to the September *Popular Science Monthly*, in the shape of a description of a pet lemur which the author possessed, and which represents a group of animals closely allied to the monkey.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe lives in a modest little gothic cottage in one of the pleasantest parts of Hartford, Conn., her nearest neighbors being Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain's family, whose houses are, however, palatial compared with Mrs. Stowe's homelike dwelling.

In his new book, "French and English," Philip Gilbert Hamerton offers a curious extenuation of the immortality of French novels. He says: "Good living in Paris is expensive; a novelist must live well, therefore he deals largely in adultery to amuse the idle and wealthy classes, who are his best customers."

Little, Brown & Co., have in preparation "A Book About Florida," by Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," to be issued in a handsome octavo volume, illustrated with numerous beautiful colored plates, etchings, and vignettes in text, from designs by Louis K. Harlow, bound in decorated cloth.

A large edition of Gen. Grant's Memoirs will be put on the presses for the fall and winter trade. The publishers, Chas. L. Webster & Co., give some figures in connection with this book which are startling. They show that up to date 325,000 sets of the books have been printed and sold, making 650,000 volumes.

A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* says "So long" is a phrase of farewell among the sea-faring folk at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Another correspondent in the same journal has heard it used in the remote hamlets of Dorsetshire. The writer first heard it from an American in California in 1868, and supposed that it originated there.

Henry Holt & Co. have just ready W. F. Norris's new novel, "Miss Shafto," of which the scene is laid in London, Rome, and later in Scotland during the hunting season. The women of the book are specially well drawn. The dialogue discusses art and charities and introduces clever thoughts with the author's well known skill.

It is said that 340 subscriptions at $12 each have already been obtained for an important historical work called "The Genesis of the United States," which is in the hands of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for publication. The author is Mr. Alexander Brown, a Virginian, and it is said to be based on original documents.

A very interesting and sensible paper in the current number of *Good Housekeeping*, written by Isabel R. Wallach, presents some strong reasons why care should be exercised in selecting a carriage for the baby and shows what directions it should take. It is a more important matter than fathers and mothers are apt to think.

HE LOST THE RACE.

It Was a Borrowed Rig and the Owner Wanted It Back.

I was hoofing it along a highway in Arkansas, says a New York *Sun* writer, my horse having gone dead lame, and being left with a farmer, when a man driving a horse and buggy overtook me, and invited me to ride. I was only too thankful for the offer, and when I got in beside him liked this looks. He offered me a cigar. We exchanged names. He was informed on politics and current events. It was a spanking horse he had, and he kept a steady gait for mile after mile. The only thing about the man that puzzled me was the way he had of looking behind every few minutes, and I finally inquired:

"Are you expecting some friends to overtake you?"

"Well, no—not a friend," he replied.

"Enemies?"

"It may be that the sheriff and his posse will be fools enough to try and overtake me."

"My friend," I said, after swallowing the lump which suddenly gathered in my throat, "is there any good reason why the sheriff should want to overtake you? This is rather blunt, I'll admit, but if I hurt your feelings I am ready to beg pardon."

"Oh, no harm done," he laughed. "I borrowed this horse and rig about two hours ago without the formality of asking, and the owner may hope to recover it. Don't give yourself any uneasiness, however. I run to horses and not to highway robbery."

Three miles further on, as we rose a hill, he looked back, and then pulled up and said:

"We must part here. The sheriff and half a dozen others are in pursuit, and every pound of weight will now tell."

"I am very much obliged for your kindness."

"Oh, not at all. Your society has been reward enough. I would suggest that you enter that thicket, and lie close until the party gets by. When an Arkansas sheriff gets after a stolen horse he means to hurt somebody, and his crowd isn't particular who it shoots at. And, sure, you needn't make any special effort to report that you have seen me. Savey?"

"I won't."

"Then good-by."

He put the horse on a dead run and was out of sight in two minutes. I secreted myself as directed, and in a few minutes the posse thundered by in a cloud of dust. I followed at a leisurely gait and at the end of two hours came upon them, grouped around a tree. Hanging from a limb was the lifeless body of my friend of the road, and they were waiting for the blown and exhausted horses to recuperate.

It Was the Wrong Dog.

One may perhaps presume so far upon old acquaintanceship as to indulge occasionally in a mild practical joke, but to attempt familiarity with strangers is "another pair of sleeves," says the *Youth's Companion*. A city gamin was wont to play rather roughly with a good natured bull dog owned by a shopkeeper of the neighborhood. One day the boy was walking with a crony when he saw the dog approaching.

"Hi! There Towse!" he cried. "Now see me head him off."

He stepped in front of the dog with arms extended and partially blocked the passage. The animal looked surprised, stopped and evidently pondered within himself what it would be best to do.

"I never knew him to act like that," said the joker. "He allers lays down on his back and rolls. Guess I'll stir him up a little."

With that he sprang at the dog, caught him by the ears, and began pulling him about.

"Towne" was evidently amazed, but he proved equal to the occasion. Fastening his teeth in the boy's trousers, his startling neatness to an expanse of bare knee, he held on like a vise.

Just at that moment the boy caught sight of an unfamiliar spot of white on the animal's head, and dropped his hold to take at once to his heels, leaving a goodly portion of woolen cloth in the creature's mouth.

"Run, Patsy, run!" he shouted to his chum. "He's gone and turned hisself into another dog!"

Bucolic Sayings.

Boston Courier.

The phrases of country people are often picturesque enough, and one who takes the trouble to pick them up is not long in making an interesting collection. As a contribution to such a collection may be offered a couple of remarks made by a woman in the rural districts of Maine. In speaking of a neighbor who was rather remarkable for her thinness the old lady observed in her squeaky voice and with the usual twinkle in her eye:

"Well, yes; Mirandy ain't got no more flesh on her boues than there is on a hen's forehead."

On another occasion, when the old lady was considerably exercised concerning the doings and sayings of a neighbor who often excited her disapproval, she broke out with:

"And as for that Maria Jones, she's jest a piece of the old boy left in the world for seed, and that's jest what she is and nothin' else."

Both Thought the Same Way.

Twelve o'clock noon: Office boy—Please, sir I'd like to get away this afternoon to attend my aunt's funeral.

Employer—Very well, James, you may go.

One o'clock p. m.: Employer—Well, I'm not feeling at all well to-day; I believe I'll go home and lie down for awhile.

Later—Employer and office boy meet at the ball grounds.

Employer—How is this James? I thought you were to attend the funeral of your aunt?

Office Boy—Dey postponed de funeral till next week, when dere ain't no game.—*America*.

BERCHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

Maintaining a Reputation.

A gentleman who knew John A. Logan in southern Illinois before the war, says that on a certain occasion young Logan found it necessary to doubt the word of a man, and told him so without any circumlocution.

"Don't you call me a liar," said the man excitedly; "I have a reputation to maintain, and I mean to maintain it, sir."

"I know it," said Logan; "and you are maintaining it every time you tell a lie."

Getting Down to Details.

Judge.

"Do you imagine Miss Porcine is well off?"

"I judge so, from the fact that she said her father owned next to the largest abattoir in Chicago."

"Do you know what is next to the largest abattoir in Chicago?"

"No; what?"

"A vacant lot."

A Secret Worth Knowing.

"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant of the seat ahead, "do you know that I've never spent a dollar for liquor in my whole life?"

"Really?" responded the young man turning half-way round, with a look of great interest on his face, "how do you work it?"—*Life*.

—The best and surest dye to color the beard *brown* or *black*, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

MISS RETROUSSE (snarlily): "When you are old, Clara, your nose will meet your chin."

MISS AQUILINE (calmly): "Well, dear, that's more than yours will ever do unless it goes around the other way."

CHILDREN'S ROUND TABLE.

The Music of Little Voices at the Threshold of Life.

AN EARNEST LITTLE LIFE.

New York World.

Arthur loved a pencil, and paper, and a bit of paint, and a brush better than almost anything. He spent so many hours every day bending over his little table, and the scraps of paper upon which he was always scribbling the forms of things—especially the forms of flowers—that his friends were sometimes troubled and wished he would run and play. People said, "He is a true little artist," but his mother would say, "It is only a little boy's fancy and will pass away."

One day he heard her speak such words. When the stranger was gone he came and looked up in her face. "Mamma," he said, "is it only a fancy to pass away? No. I will keep on and on to the very end!" And he struck his little fist down hard, and over and over, with the closing words, and his eyes beamed with passionate earnestness.

This little worker became suddenly ill. Alarm spread over the house, but the little artist was propped up with pillows, painting violets. He was coaxed to rest, being so ill and so tired.

"No, mamma," he replied; "when I have a thing to do I want to do it."

The doctor came in and pronounced the pulse of the little worker at 105. Then night came on and the brush and the palette were carried away, and the violets? Some are outlined, some are finished, but the palette hangs, from that day, untouched upon the wall.

That was the last work little Arthur had to do, and he did keep "on and on to the very end."

THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS SEEN.

A Boston child, being taken for the first time to the beach, became very much interested in the crowds of bathers disporting in the water. Finally, as numbers of the bathers began to return to the bathhouses, the child's sympathies became immediately aroused, and turning to the mother she said sorrowfully: They must be very poor folks, mamma, they've got so little clothes on."—*Boston Budget*.

ON A WRONG TACK.

A small boy up on Thirteenth street was heard gravely mumbling over a single sentence one Sunday recently. His mother caught a word or two and drew near to catch the whole. "Why son," said she, gaspingly, "what are you saying?"

"Why, my Sunday-school teacher told us to 'member the text of the sermon, and I am saying it over so as to 'member it. 'Pronounce the devil of the Baptist Church.' 'Pronounce the devil of the Baptist Church.'"

It took the good lady five minutes to figure out the real text. It was: "Renounce the devil and all his works."—*Washington Post*.

FOOD FOR CONTENTMENT.

Like all great cities, the mass of the people of Boston cannot afford the luxury of a lengthened sojourn in the country, and with many of the little ones a day in Franklin Park and an occasional hour on the Common or Public Garden is the sum total of their rustic pleasure. One little miss, who had probably read of country scenes and experiences, evinced her own preference for the city in the following quaint way: "I guess we have a better time here, lookin' in the nice store winders and playin' on the Common, than bein' scared by snakes, chased by cows and gettin' lost in the woods."—*Boston Budget*.

KEEPING UP WITH THE SUPPLY.

Freddie G., aged five, contracted the habit of eating his food very rapidly. Repeated scolding failed to correct the habit. Finally his mother one day angrily said:

"Freddie, what makes you eat so fast?" With a mouthful of food and without stopping for an instant in his masticatory operations the youngster mumbled:

"'Cause I want to see what's tuming next."—*Detroit Tribune*.

UNPLEASANTLY SUGGESTIVE.

An eight-year-old boy, whose superabundant animal spirits required an occasional check, was looking at some proofs of photographs of his mother which had just been sent home. There were two views, and the youngster was very decided in his preference for one over the other.

"Why do you prefer that?" asked his mother.

"Because," said he, "in the other one you look as if you meant it."—*Boston Journal*.

TWO IMMEDIATE ANSWERS.

Rev. Primrose—Do you know where you will go if you do these naughty things?

Little Johnny—Yes, sir—go to bed.—*Harper's Bazar*.

That was a very frank little miss who, when the minister, in calling upon her family, asked her what she went to Sunday-school for, instantly replied: "To see the little boys."—*Boston Times*.

BERTIE'S BUSINESS HEAD.

Bertie—And do all angels have wings Uncle Charles?

Uncle Charles—Yes, Bertie.

Bertie—Big angels and little angels alike?

Uncle Charles—I told you yes, Bertie.

Bertie—Say, Uncle Charles, if you were me wouldn't you go into the wing business as soon as you got old enough?—*Rochester Post-Express*.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

Johnnie has lately taken root rapidly in the educational line and thinks there is nothing quite so grand as studying the big dictionary. But this doesn't offset his appetite for water-melon, and one day his sister became alarmed at the amount of this vegetable he was getting away with. "Don't eat any more of it, Johnnie" she said; you'll be sick." "Won't you please look in the dictionary, sister, and see if I've had enough?" A fact.—*Buffalo Express*.

Didn't Mean What He Said.

The recording secretary of the missionary society generally manages to say what he has to say so that his language will not be misconstrued; but when, at a meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, at East Orange, N. J., last week, he said that "thousands of gallons of rum go into Africa for every missionary who is sent there," one of the godly sisters of that society whispered to another: "Rather a large allowance of liquor for those missionaries."—*Christian Advocate*.

He Wants Results.

"I will not accept your bodiless theories" exclaims the materialist. "I require something tangible; if you make an assertion then support it with acceptable evidence." Very well, then; how is this for evidence:

Here are names you may find in the back of our notes of Compound Oxygen at any time.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelly, member of Congress, Philadelphia.

Rev. Victor L. Conrad, Editor Lutheran Observer, Philadelphia.

Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D.D., Rochester, N. Y.

Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, Editor Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.

W. H. Worthington, Editor New South, Birmingham, Ala.

Judge H. F. Vrooman, Quenemo, Kan.

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A NOVEL RAILWAY.

Run by Water Power and Without Wheels.

A despatch from Paris to the London *Daily News* gives an account of the press view of the so-called "Chemin de Fer Glissant," or "Slide Railway," on the Esplanade des Invalides within the Exhibition. The new invention, says the correspondent, "is a singularly original contrivance for enabling trains to run, by means of water power, at a speed hitherto undreamed of. Arriving there without any intimation as to what a sliding railway might be, I at first mistook it for an overgrown switchback, with the humps smoothed away. The train consisted of four carriages, affording room for about a hundred passengers. The carriages had no wheels, being supported at the corners by blocks of iron of a size somewhat larger than a brick, which rested upon a double line of iron girders. In the middle of the line at regular intervals jutted out irregularly shaped pillars, the use of which was not yet apparent.

"Having taken our seats and the signal being given, we glided along very gently for the space of a few yards, when suddenly we gathered speed; two or three tugs were felt and we were flying on at the pace of an ordinary train, but as smoothly as a boat on a river. There was a clicking noise on the rails, but this, I was assured, was due to a defect in the construction of the slides, and would be remedied. The absence of any vibration, shaking or 'tail motion,' was wonderful. A slight jerk there was at regular intervals; but then, again, I was told that it was due merely to the shortness of the course and the inability to get up a proper pace. In a hydraulic train traveling at full speed—that is to say at the rate of 140 to 200 kilometers, or 87 to 124 miles an hour—there would be almost no conscious sense of motion. The journey down the length of the esplanade only occupied a few seconds.

"Upon our safe return, Mr. Pilter, chairman of the company which owns the invention, gave a full account of it. The sliding railway was invented in 1868 by an engineer named Girard, who was killed in the Franco-German war, and it has been improved to its present state by one of his assistant engineers, M. Barre. As has already been mentioned, the hydraulic carriages have no wheels, these being replaced by hollow slides fitting upon a flat and wide rail, and grooved on the inner surface. When it is desired to set the carriage in motion water is forced into the slide, and the skate of the carriage from a reservoir by compressed air, and seeking to escape it spreads over the under surface of the slide, which it raises for about a nail's thickness above the rail.

"The slides, thus resting not on the rails but on a film of water, are in a perfectly mobile condition; in fact, the pressure of the forerunger is sufficient to propel a carriage that is supported. The propelling force is supplied by the pillars which stand at regular intervals on the line between the rails. Running underneath every carriage is an iron rack, about six inches wide, fitted with paddles. Now, as the foremost carriage passes in front of the pillar a tap on the latter is opened automatically, and a stream of water at high pressure is directed on the paddles. This drives the train on, and by the time the last carriage has gone past the tap (which then closes) the foremost one is in front of the next tap, the water's action thus being continuous. The force developed is almost incredible. There is some splashing on the rails at the start, but this diminishes the faster the train goes. To stop the train the small stream of water feeds the sides is turned off, and the latter coming in contact with the rails, the resulting friction stops the carriage almost instantaneously.

"A water train running at over one hundred miles an hour could, I was told, be pulled up within thirty yards, could climb up gradients even inches in the yard, and on curves of forty-four yards radius. This system would seem peculiarly adapted for elevated railways in cities, being light, noiseless, smooth, without smoke, fast, and thoroughly under command. The danger of running off the rails is reduced to a minimum, the center of gravity of the carriages being scarcely more than a couple of feet from the rails. The cost of the metropolitan system would only be a third of one on the old plan, while in the open country its cost would be somewhat higher than the ordinary railway; but M. Barre tells me the expense would be in France an average of $40,000 a mile. Where no natural water supply is available a propelling machine every twelve miles or so would be sufficient to keep trains going at full speed. The consumption of coal per passenger would be one-tenth only of the usual quantity.

CUFFY'S HORN.

A Lively Scene Created by a Weird, Wild Instrument.

Some years ago in Georgia, that band of Christians known as Ascensionists were having a grand revival. One day, when the meeting was in full force, a storm came up, and a young gentleman who was out hunting with his servant took refuge in the church door. Being curious to see the service the two hunters crept up into the gallery and there hid in a place where they could observe without being observed.

"Come, Lord, come; our robes are ready. Come, Lord, come," cried the preacher, while all present gave a loud "Amen."

"Marsa Gaba," whispered Cuffy, lifting his hunting horn to his mouth, "let me give dem jest one toot."

"Put that horn down, or I'll break your head," replied the master in a whisper.

The horn dropped by Cuffy's side, and again the minister cried: "Come, Lord, come, we are all ready for Thy coming. Come, Lord, come."

"Do, Marsa Gaba—do jist lemme gib 'em jist one little toot," pleaded Cuffy, wetting his lips and raising his horn.

"If you don't drop that horn, Cuffy, I'll whip you withiu an inch of your life, whispered the exasperated master.

"Blow, Gabriel, blow; we're ready for His coming. Blow, Gabriel blow," pleaded the minister.

Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation to send a wild peal ringing from end to end of the church, but long before its last echo died away his master and himself were the only occupants of the building.

"Ise ready for de fickfu', Marsa Gaba," said Cuffy, showing every tooth in his head, "fur I clare to gracious it's worf two lickings to see de way common farm cattle kin git on ober de ground wid skeared 'sensionists behind 'em."—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

Infant Philosophers.

The Bostonian is a philosopher from the cradle.

A night or two ago a Beacon street matron had occasion to reprove her little boy—aged 6½ years—for some unusually mischievous nonsense.

"I am afraid," she said, "that you will not go to heaven."

"I'm sorry," said the small criminal, "but I've been to the circus and a party this week, don't you know, and of course one can't take in everything."

For a long time past this youthful thinker has been putting pennies into a toy saving bank for the benefit of the little negro children of the Congo basin. And the other day his mother caught him in the act of painting his baby sister black all over with ladies' shoe polish. He was just putting on the final touches, when the mater familias entered.

Said he: "Mamma, we have given so much money to the black people that I thought we might as well keep it in the family. So I have fixed up the kid to suit. Put a nickel in the slot, and hear it squall."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Visitation of Providence.

A Saco 3-year-old's express wagon was found broken by one of his parents the other day, whereupon this dialogue followed:

"Who broke it, Phil?"

"I don't know."

"Why Phil, how could it have been broken without you knowing?"

"I don't know. I dess Dod did it."—*Biddeford Times*.

SEASONABLE FOOD.

Value of Fruit as an Article of Diet in Warm Weather.

What shall we eat? This question confronts us daily. Upon its wise solution depends to a great extent the health and happiness of the human race. A judicious dietary is an evidence of a high state of civilization, for brain and brawn are in a general sense the outcome of the food eaten, its method of preparation and the style in which it is served and introduced into the human economy. Americans are a little astray in the matter of diet. The average table is a strange mixture of English, Dutch, French and everything else besides. There seems to be a strong tendency in human nature toward the consumption of food that is too concentrated, says the Medical Classics.

The old Indian chief complained that the pale faces, especially women, were dying of too much house. The modern civilized world is dying of too much to eat. Some people are afraid to eat fruit, thinking that fruit and diarrhœas are always associated, when, if they understood the true cause of diarrhœa, they would know that it is caused by eating meat. In hot weather meat putrifies very quickly, and during this process alkaloids are formed which are very poisonous, acting as emetics and purgatives. It is true that fruit eaten green or between meals will interfere with digestion and cause bowel troubles, but ripe fruit that is perfectly ripe at meal time, and only beneficial results will follow. Acids prevent calcareous degenerations, keeping the bones elastic as well as preventing the accumulation of earthy matter. Fruit is perfect food when fully ripe, and if it were in daily use from youth to age there would be less disease. Taken in the morning, fruit is as helpful to digestion as it is refreshing. The newly awakened function finds in it an object of such light labor as will exercise without seriously taxing its energies, and the tissues of the stomach acquire at little cost a gain of nourishment which will sustain these energies in later and more serious operations. It is an excellent plan, with this object in view, to add a little bread to the fruit eaten.

While admitting its possession of these valuable qualities, however, and while also agreeing with those who maintain that in summer meats should be less and fruits and vegetables more freely used as a food, we are not prepared to allow that even then an exclusively vegetarian regimen is the most generally advisable. Meat provides us with a means of obtaining albuminoid material, which is indispensable in its most easily assimilable form. It affords us in this material not only an important constituent of tissue growth, but a potent excitant of the whole process of nutrition. It has a definite and important place in the ordinary diet of man, and wholesomeness of fruit, combined with farinaceous food as an alterative dietary, is not so much an argument in favor of the vegetarian principle, as proof that seasonable changes in food supply are helpful to the digestive processes and to nutritive changes in the tissues generally.

With proper eating and drinking there would be fewer broken down, nervous wrecks and far more vigorous intellects. There is far too much meat eaten. Meat three times a day is more than average town dwelling human nature can endure. What shall we eat! As a preliminary answer we reply—eat more fruit.

TAD LINCOLN.

An Interesting Reminiscence of the Martyr President.

Boston Traveller.

Hon. William Dickson, a member of the Democratic national committee, has an interesting note from President Lincoln, which he showed to me to-day. It reads, "Dear Mr. Dickson, will you please send a fire engine to the White House this afternoon, to pump out a cistern, which Tad will show to you. Yours, A. Lincoln." Mr. Dickson subsequently said: "As you know, I was chief of the fire department for a long time, during Mr. Lincoln's administration. If there ever was a bundle of mischief done up in the shape of a boy, Tad Lincoln was that boy. He had the craze which is not at all infrequent with boys of going to fires, and riding on the engine was one of his especial delights.

"It was dangerous sport, and made me feel anxious, so I mentioned the fact at the White House, and after that Tad was kept away from fires. His passion hadn't left him, however, and one day he went to the President and told him that the cistern needed pumping out, suggesting that he send for a fire engine. The President at once wrote the note, which I have in my possession now. When I went over to the White House that afternoon, I thought we had run into a picnic. Tad had invited all the boys that he knew, and all their friends, to see the engine work. The President saw that he had been hoodwinked into giving an entertainment for the benefit of the youngsters, for the cistern did not need pumping out, but there wasn't a boy on the grounds that day who enjoyed the fun any more than 'Honest Old Abe.'"

THE SEAL.

Some Account of Their Life During Babyhood.

In an article upon the seals on the Labrador coast, Edgar L. Wakeman says:

The young are brought forth on vast floating fields of ice in March. The baby seals are born with white hair which soon changes to a soft, silky brown fur, and they nestle upon their frozen beds of ice as long as they are suckled by their mothers. When from five to six weeks old they can exist in water. Then they begin following their mothers about, much after the manner of human babies, for their attention and the food of fish which they most dutifully provide.

During this period the mother seal is an alert and hardy fisher. She will attack the most active and powerful fish of these waters, save the shark; and we have the testimony of Captain Deschamps that instances have been known where battles between the food-hunting mother and these rapacious ruffians of the deep resulted in the defeat and death of the latter. They are powerful swimmers and will force themselves up the most rugged salmon-leaps to attack the largest salmon. When the young seals are from five to six months old they are left to shift for themselves. Nor are they given up gradually. Of a sudden the mother seems to deliberate that sufficient time and energy have been expended upon them. Instantly she is a stranger to the cub, and any further attempts at intimacy are resented in the most savage manner.

A Little Touch of Vanity, After All.

Not only does every woman who enters an elevator containing a mirror turn round immediately, touch up her frizzes and remove flakes of soot from her face, but men adjust their neckties, take a deliberate survey of themselves, and pose and inflate their chests like Col. Sellers, of lamented memory. A little stenographer in her building over near the City hall had been observing this peculiarity in the lords of creation. One day, having surprised a man making a more deliberate and careful scrutiny than usual, she expressed her opinion to "James," the elevator man. "You needn't talk to me about the vanity of women after that," she exclaimed, scornfully, "men look at themselves twice as long and twice as intently as the vainest woman that ever breathed."

"You didn't hear what he said to me, did you?" asked James.

"No."

"He said: 'I've been drunk four days, an' I just wanted to see how I looked.'"—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

—Inventors who desire to obtain sound and reliable patents, will do well to address J. A. Ashley, Washington, D. C.

Couldn't Stop to Dinner.

Bobby has been playing on the porch while his mother was calling within. She suddenly appears at the door with the hostess, ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries: "Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?" "No, dear." "Boo—boo—boo—well, you said you would—boo—boo—boo." (Painful silence followed by rapid leave-taking.)—*Mansey's Weekly*.

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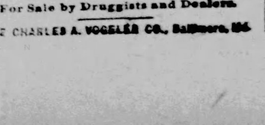

FOR TURFMEN.

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HORSEMEN

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The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

RACE FOR A HORSE.

A Tennessee Girl's Flight and Capture—Couldn't Resist Her Tears and Earnest Plea, and She Kept Her Horse.

ACCORDING to some of the Southern comrades, who so assiduously harp about the loyalty of the meek southern maiden, one is led to suppose that the Dixie girl invariably took charge of the mule, and guided the plow, after all the male population had been dragged into the rebel army against their inclinations. For the benefit of such, I wish to state that during all my perambulation through Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and a portion of Mississippi, I never once saw or heard of a white woman (or girl) doing farm work; in fact, work of any kind. Work was not the southern girl's ambition, except, perhaps, among that class termed by the darkies "poo white trash," and really, they were the most degraded beings I think that ever lived—far beneath the slave. If my comrades in Tennessee and Texas allude to *these* poor, unfortunate beings when they write so pathetically of the lowly but heroic maiden that wielded the goad, and punched the one-eared mule, and tended the corn which was carried away by a marauding or a mean yank, then I have no objection to offer; but if the comrade is trying to get it through our thick heads that the educated ladies of the south, unless they were slaves (as was frequently the case), tilled the land, or sowed, reaped or mowed, he is wasting his time, for there are over a hundred thousand veterans that know better! Comrades of Tennessee and Texas, you who were true and loyal to the old flag; you know I tell the truth when I say that the southern girls were the bitterest rebels in the south. Many a time I have been driven about the house, dodging here and there to escape from the wrath of one of those furies, while I was in search of something to eat. Don't talk to me about one of them guiding the plow. They would have been far more effective as soldiers. It's not necessary to argue the case, but will describe one little skirmish I had with a damsel down on the Forked Deer river in Tennessee.

We were gathering up all the horses we could find in the country by order of Uncle Sam. Where the owners could be coaxed into receiving them we gave vouchers for the stock. These vouchers were all paid off after the war without question, and in nearly every case we had to almost force them to take the paper showing the number and value of the stock taken from them. A party of ten of us was collecting horses on the Forked Deer, one day. I think old Capt. Kidd, of Co. M, was in command. We came to a small plantation about noon, and we stopped to feed and look for hidden horses. We had scarcely dismounted when a young lady led a fine horse from a stable near by and proceeded to mount, and was deliberately riding away when Capt. Kidd called to her to stop. Instead of doing so she dashed away with a derisive laugh. I was ordered by the captain to take a man with a me and run her down and bring her back. I called Billy Swan, a boy of my own company, and we were soon in pursuit of the flying virago. She was well mounted and a fearless rider. I was also well mounted, my horse being one of those long-legged, slab sided horses noted for their endurance. It was not long before we got warmed up, but the further he went the faster he travelled. After running about three miles I began to gain on my victim. She realized that I was gaining on her and she lashed the almost exhausted animal she rode with the fury of a mad woman. But her exertions were of no avail. Old Nathan, as I called my horse, was fast getting warmed up; he was coming up to his competitor with long, swinging leaps. When I reached the young lady's side and grasped her horse by the bridle, she fought with the fury of a tiger. I was at her mercy while stopping the horses, and she made good use of her opportunity. The horses being side by side she pommeled me over the head with her clenched fists and sent my hat flying, but I soon got the horses under control. All this time the girl scarcely spoke, but I could hear her labored breathing. She got hold of my sabre, and in loosing her hold I hurt her hand, causing it to bleed slightly. The moment I stopped I commenced to tie her wounded hand up in a handkerchief, as tenderly as I could. This was more than she bargained for, and tears began to flow. She was a woman, after all—a lady in the true sense of the word. Had I been of the susceptible kind, that spirited little rebel would surely have won a victory over my heart, for I admired her for her bravery. But when she saw my solicitude over a scratch on her hand, it conquered her in a manner which no amount of abuse would have accomplished. When my comrade reached us I was doing up the wounded hand. The girl was still silent, but tears were running down her cheeks. When Billy asked her if she was much hurt, she said:

"No, sir; I am not hurt at all. I do not understand why he did not kill me."

I caught the expression of her eye. Well, I was a soldier then and not in the matrimonial market, otherwise right in that fascinating eye would have been dangerous indeed. We rode slowly back and when we reached her home we found that the captain and the rest of the boys had gone. We knew where they were going, so we were in no hurry. When we stopped the young lady slid to the ground and was proceeding to unsaddle her horse when Comrade Billy said:

"Suppose we run the risk of doing things in our own way once? We don't want her pug. What's the use of taking it."

Here was a dilemma. The girl understood him only too well, and in a moment she was by his side, telling Billy in eloquent, pathetic terms that this was her own saddle horse, and that she had raised it from a little colt. A mother pleading for the life of her child could not have been more earnest. Billy eyed me for a moment, then stepped to the horse,

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will no waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Endless Punishment After Death.

W. M., Keyser, W. Va.: The doctrine of eternal punishment has many doubters even among the clergy. Here is a group of opinions from those of note: Henry Ward Beecher's successor, Lyman Abbott, says there is nothing in the Bible to forbid the hope of redemption after death, and that there is much in the Bible to indicate that death ends all to the sinner. Rev. Leonard W. Bacon doubts the immortality of the soul. He affirms that no created spirit lives apart from God of itself, and he revolts from the doctrine of salvation and perdition. Canon Farrar repudiates the doctrine of everlasting punishment. Rev. T. W. Fowle, an English rector, says Christ was silent in regard to a future life. Rev. Washington Gladden says that there may be reform after death. Professor Peabody, of Harvard, thinks there will be opportunity for reform after death. David Swing says there is no warrant in the Bible for everlasting punishment and he repudiates the notion that God will transfer men to a world less favorable to happiness than this. Rev. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, says the doctrine of endless punishment is not taught in the Bible. Dr. Talmago thinks the great majority will be saved. So thinks Dr. Fleming, pastor of a Congregational church at Minneapolis. Prof. White, of New College, London, says that endless punishment is taught neither by reason, tradition nor revelation, that God may give a man immortality or deny it. Rev. L. C. Baker, Presbyterian, of Philadelphia, says that endless punishment is not taught by Christ. Rev. John H. Hopkins, of Burlington, Vt., says that everlasting punishment is an opinion, not a dogma. Prof. Harris, of Andover Theological Seminary, says that the murder of Christ is aggravated in the score of others entertain like views to those given above. Cardinal Manning takes the extreme view of everlasting life and endless punishment.

General Lafayette.

J. W. H., Paytona, Fla.: Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de la Fayette, born in France, September 6, 1757, died in Paris May 20, 1834. He was a young man who has the slightest hope of ever making anything of himself is, to keep out of the regular army. The class of men who join it are not desirable companions, and life in it is entirely different from what it was in the volunteer service during the war. If you want any information, write to the Adjutant General of the army, Washington, D. C.

J. H. R., Leo, O.: The same applies to your question.

The Haymarket Riot in Chicago.

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: 1.—During the strike for the eight-hour day in Chicago in 1886, the anarchists were extremely incendiary in their utterances, and advocated the burning of manufacturing establishments whose proprietors refused to yield, and the use of dynamite, etc. There was grave danger of serious trouble, and the authorities determined to stop their meetings. On the night of May 4, there was a meeting held in Haymarket square, which the police dispersed. A dynamite bomb was thrown by some anarchist, whose explosion killed and wounded some sixty people. Nine policemen were killed outright or died of their wounds. Five anarchists were sentenced to be hanged for this wholesale murder, of whom one committed suicide by exploding a bomb in his mouth. The other four were executed in November, 1887. 2.—Charlie Ross was never found, nor has anything ever been heard concerning him.

"Happy Miller" and "King William."

C. H. G., Millersville, O., sends the words to the songs in the above plays, in response to a correspondent's request. The "Needle's Eye" was printed last week:

"Happy is the miller that lives by the mill!
The wheel goes round of its own free will;
One hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,
The wheel turns round—he cries out 'Grab!'
Girls, grab! Boys, grab! Grab either!"

"King William was King James's son,
And of the royal race he run;
He wore a star upon his breast;
Go choose the one that you love best!
If he's not here to take your part,
Go choose another with all your heart;
Here on this carpet you must kneel,
As sure as grass grows in the field;
Salute your bride with kiss so sweet,
And then quick rise upon your feet.
Now you are married, I wish you joy;
You are my pretty girl and boy!
You are my son, and daughter too;
And now kiss twice, if once won't do!"

Versions of the Bible.

W. S. H., Viola, Ill., writes: "How many Bibles are there? Who pu lishes them? Prices?" Here is a fine example of an obscure question. Does this question refer to versions of the Holy Bible, or to translations of the accepted version into other languages, or to the sacred books of different nations? We will assume he means the first; if we are wrong he will please tell us what he does mean. There are three versions of the Bible in use among English-speaking nations: The King James translation, which is the one in general use among Protestants; the version used by Roman Catholics, and the Revised Version, of which the New Testament was published several years ago, and the Old Testament translation is not yet completed.

"Dog Days."

J. H. W., Toledo, O.: The period of greatest heat in summer, among the Romans and other nations along the Mediterranean Sea, was called "dog days," (*dies caniculares*), because this time of hotrest weather corresponded nearly with the period at which the dog star (Sirius) rose at the same time as the sun. To this conjunction a malignant influence was ascribed. The blending of Sirius does not now occur (owing to the precession of the equinoxes) until about August 10, when the greatest heat of the season is often over. Modern almanac-makers sometimes reckon the dog days from July 24 to August 24, and sometimes from July 3 to August 11.

The Use of "Jr."

M. A., Panora, Iowa: The use of "jr." is simply to denote the younger of the same name. In the case of uncles and nephews residing in the same community it would be a convenience for all concerned (where the name is the same) to have the nephews or grandsons use "jr." while the older persons used "sr." for senior. The signatures of J. 2 and 3 is simply to denote different persons of the same name. In Congress, when two or more members of the same name appear on the list, the name of the state each comes from is printed within parentheis.

Endymion.

M. E. V., Rapid City, Dak.: 1.—Endymion, in Greek legend, was a shepherd of remarkable beauty. The goddess Selene (the moon), seeing him, fell in love with him, and leaving her chariot came down to him. The eclipses of the moon were attributed to these visits. By Selene he had 50 daughters. Jupiter condemned him to perpetual sleep. 2.—Amber is the fossil gum of extinct species of trees allied to the pines and firs of the present time.

"Milk Paint."

R. F. W., Ontario, O., kindly sends the following receipe for the above, which was asked for by a correspondent: Skimmed milk, 5 gallon; fresh lime, 6 ounces; flax seed oil, 4. Spanish white, 3 pounds. Slake the lime with milk, till thick as cream, and stir in the oil slowly till it disappears. Then add the rest of the milk. Then sift the whiting slowly on the surface, letting it sink of its own weight. Apply as white wash.

Miscellaneous.

Dian, 1, ——: 1.—Yes. 2.—We don't know. 3—We do not know.

C. R., Avalon, Mo.: The old 6¼ and 12½ cent pieces were Mexican and Spanish coins.

Reader, Reedsville, O.: It is impossible to take the space to publish a list of the "principal events" of the past three years.

A. W., Raymond, Kan.: Crude petroleum is a safe fuel, if you have proper apparatus for burning it, and exercise proper care in its use.

W. H. M., Shenandoah, Iowa: The history of the Book of Mormon was given in extenso in the Bureau of March 14 last. We can not republish it.

J. S., Spare, O.: We do not know the addresses of persons who manufacture paper or fibre ware. Any wholesale hardware man can tell you. Read Rule 3 above.

Buckeye, High Creek, Iowa: 1.—Marion, O., had 4,000 population by the last census. It has four railroads. 2.—Remove your hat with the right hand on entering a meeting.

H. S. V., Cross Plains, Tex.: 1.—We are unable to give the rule in the case cited. 2.—If any subscriber can tell how to destroy the burrows of the large red ant, we shall be glad to publish it.

B. B. L., Jerome, Kan.: Is not the medal of which you speak one of the many struck in 1876 to commemorate the centennial of American independence? It has no value except as a memento.

D. W. R., Mt. Ida, Kan.: There are a large number of manufacturers of "queensware" in the United States. There are several at East Liverpool, O.; at Wheeling, W. Va., and at several points in New Jersey.

I. N. R., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa: The statement to which you call my attention was a slip of the pen of a gentleman who was temporarily assisting in editorial duty. The constitution of the United States contains no reference to God.

E. S. C., Napoleon, O.: The Pension office was established early in this century, the survivors of the Revolutionary army being the first p nsioners. If you want questions answered, send your full name, as required by Rule 1 above.

C. W. T., Circleville, O., in reference to W. G. A.'s query how to take off out of an oil stone, says: "Put the stone in a kettle of soft soap and boil from the liye of wood ashes; let it remain for two or three weeks. Or, soak it in the pure lye, and it will not take so long."

G. W. L., Warsaw, Mo.: The 51st Congress which assembles next December, will stand: Senate—Republicans 39, Democrats 37. House of Representatives—Republicans 166, Democrats 158, vacant 1. This is the 3d Louisiana district, when the election to fill the vacancy will be held next month.

"Travelyan," Logansport, Ind.: George Otto Trevelyan was First Lord of the Admiralty in the Gladstone Cabinet from 1868 to 1870. He was also a liberal in politics. We do not know whether he is now in Parliament or not. We cannot give his address for two reasons: First, we d.n't know it; second, read Rule 3 above.

Two Constant Readers: There are many rotary steam engines in use—for instance steam fire-engines are built on that principle; hence it may be called a success.

Farmer, Linscott, O.: If you make the wine yourself, from grapes raised by you, you can sell it without paying the United States internal revenue special tax, but in the question whether, in this case, you are not liable to pay the $200 tax under the Dow law.

O. L. T., Dwight, Kan.: 1.—Hyppolite and Legitime, the leaders of the two Haytian factions are not important enough to have had any one search out their birthplaces. 2.—Revolutions are very common occurrences in Hayti, and the present one resulted from an attempt of Hyppolite to overthrow the government of Legitime.

A. M., Ft. Wayne, Ind.: The word "rye" in Burns's poem is the name of a ford at Dalry, in Ayrshire, Scotland. Burns founded his verses upon the burden of an olden song, which read:

Jonny's a wat, puir bodie,
Jonny's seldom dry:
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the rye.

W. F. M., Westport, Ind.: There are no real Damascus gunbarrels made. Those sold under that name are imitations. There are very few real "laminated" barrels. In point of fact, the term "Damascus" and "laminated" now refer more to the style of the finish of the outside of the barrel than to the quality, or mode of manufacture.

B. G., Canton, Ill.: 1.—The origin of the phrase, "the flesh-pots of Egypt," can be found in Exodus xvi, 3. The word "flesh-pots" refers to the vessels in which meat was cooked. 2.—The phrase, "what fools these mortals be," is put into the mouth of Puck, a character in Shakespeare's play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Overhaul your Shakespeare and read the play.

Illinois, Flora, Ill.: 1.—The "tonic sol-fa" system of music, with illustrations, was fully explained in the Bureau of December 13 last. 2.—The word "lagniappe" was defined some five or six weeks ago in the Bureau. 3.—"Old postage stamps"—that is, those canceled—are not bought and sold. There is quite a trade in rare and curious stamps, especially of foreign nations, however.

V. S. M., Rogers, Kan.: 1.—You will find the name of the present Secretary (not Commissioner) of Agriculture in the list of Cabinet officers in the Bureau of August 1. 2.—Nobody ever took the pains to "average" the tariffs till last year, when the Mills bill and the present tariffs were averaged. It proves nothing, and the fallacy of averages was shown up in several editorial articles in THE BLADE last summer.

G. W., Wheeling, W. Va.: Great Britain has no single document, such as we have, embodying its fundamental law. Its constitution is contained in the Great Charter (*Magna Charta*), in the decisions of the courts for hundreds of years, and in the acts of Parliament; and as all those acts and decisions are recorded, it may be said, not that Great Britain has a written constitution, but that its constitution is in writing.

W. J. B., Belden, Ind.: 1.—The design in the obverse of the silver 50c, 25c and 10c pieces is an allegorical figure of the Goddess of Liberty seated, with liberty cap on a pole, and holding a shield at her side. A figure of Liberty, either head or full length, has been used on our coinage ever since the Revolution. 2.—"E Pluribus Unum" is the motto on the great seal of the United States, and means "many in one"—that is, many states united to make a nation. 3.—We do not keep the run of border desperadoes and criminals.

——, Centerville, N. Y.: Send your name if you expect to be answered. 1.—"Platt-Deutsch" is a branch of Low German. "High German" is the language and dialects thereof spoken in Southern Germany, in the mountainous regions; "Low German" comprises the tongues spoken in the low lands along the North and Baltic seas, including Icelandic, Swedish, Danish, Frisian, Dutch and Platt-Deutsch. 2—We do not know the author of the lines you quote.

W. J. B., Aiken, Ga.: 1.—Germany has a compulsory education law, and enforces it to the letter. A number of other countries, and several states in the Union—Massachusetts and Illinois, for example—have laws which are more or less effective. 2.—Education is an absolute necessity to the voting population in a system of free government like ours; and if parents will not educate their children, the state, as a matter of self-preservation, should do so.

S. L. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.: A "thank-you-ma'am" is a shallow ditch with a high bank on the lower side, and crossing a road at a slight angle. It makes a very handy place to stop your team in climbing the hill, as the bank holds the hind wheels; but that is not its object. It is put there to turn the water which rushes down the country road during heavy showers into the ditch alongside the turnpike, otherwise the the same would wash out very badly.

THE DECAY OF GREATNESS.

The Village Big Man Goes to Washington to See the Postmaster-General.

N. Y. Sun.

The village of R—— was dissatisfied with its postmaster. Several petitions were forwarded to Washington, and as they were not immediately acted on, it was determined that the big man of the town should proceed to Washington and lay the case before the postmaster-general.

The Big Man of the town lived on the interest of his money. He was called "Judge." Most of his letters came addressed to the "Hon." So-and-so. He ran a church and a school, always headed every subscription, bossed the Fourth of July, dictated the policy of the village trustees, and was the only man who subscribed to a New York daily paper and talked stocks.

The Big Man had never been nominated for governor, but that was because he didn't want office. It was pretty generally understood that he could have a Cabinet position any time he desired, and that he somehow influenced all the political appointments in six counties.

"Gentlemen," said the Big Man, as he swelled up, "I will go down to Washington and arrange this matter. You can rest easy."

If he had told us that he was going down to Washington to secure an act of Congress to remove the Bunker Hill monument to Chicago we should have had faith in him. He departed. The band was at the depot to honor his departure and the village editor was obliged to shake hands with at once gained five pounds in avoirdupois. The train had scarcely moved off before our Big Man began to decrease in size. There was a general in the car; also a millionnaire; also a Senator. No one knew our Big Man or paid any attention to him. When he reached Washington his hat was a whole size too large for him. When he was put in a back room on the fourth floor his chest measure decreased two inches.

The name of our Big Man on the hotel register produced no commotion. There was no rush of cards to his room. If the administration knew of his arrival it didn't call. In the lobby he heard men addressed as "senator," "judge," "general," "colonel" and so on until he felt that his coat was too big for him. Next morning, when he started out to call on the postmaster general, no band played. There was no send-off. No one in Washington knew whether he was our Big Man or our cobbler, and no one seemed to care. Every rod he traveled seemed to produce a shrinkage. He had always supposed that he was a bigger man than the capitol building. One glance satisfied him that he had make a mistake.

Our Big Man intended to talk very plainly to the postmaster general. He would look very severe when he inquired his way to the waiting room. He inquired his way to bendquarters, but had no sooner reached them than he found himself weak in the knees. His hat was now two whole sizes too large, and his vest would have pinned over two inches. He half hoped that the p. m. would be out, and he was gratified. The p. m. was not out, but the Hessian who took his card and looked him up and who took his card and looked him up and down in a suspicious way soon returned to say:

"Very busy, sir. Leave your papers and call again. Call next week or the week after."

"But I have no papers, and I am Mr. Smith of Smithville," protested our Big Man.

"Yes, but the postmaster-general is very busy—very busy. Have to call again, sir. We never heard of you, sir—never heard of you nor your town. Better make your written application for the postoffice and mail it."

Our Big Man returned home. He was wabbling in his clothes. He had paper in the lining of his hat to keep it from falling over his ears. His heels and toes had an inch play in his shoes. His lordly stomach had wilted away, and his autocratic bearing had gone hence. Our Big Man had met the enemy, and he was theirs. He had traveled beyond the confines of our village, and his greatness had melted away like a September frost.

A BOY IN LOVE.

He Tells Just How He Feels—The Universal Symptoms.

Drake's Magazine.

Love is a queer feeling. It makes you feel you don't know how. It's something like being sea-sick, only different. It makes you si', and them that has the diseese bad are enough to make well persons sick when they are together. There is no cure for the disceese but to get married, and then you are cured right off. I never was in love but once, and then I wasn't very bad with it. Her name was Sally, and I gave her a ceni'ful of ile. We gave each other boy and that cured me. My brother Henry was in love, and he was awful hard to get along with all the time he had it. He got married to her, and come to his senses right away. A person in love doesn't generally say so, but it breaks out plain as the chicken-pox. After you get over it you don't want nobody to say anything about how you acted when you was the worst. May be you 'rite poetry about her, and go around an old guitar under her winder and howl around awful. You sing songs all about your "dear one sleeping on," as if she could with all your racket. The more I see of it the less I want to ketch the disceese myself. So no more.

BILLY PETERS.

Origin of "Calico."

The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs, as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limit of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the little town which grew up in the center of this territory was called Calicoda, or the cock crowing. Afterwards it was called Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England, bearing the name calico.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Cure for Cramps.

New York Evening World.

A physician made this statement: "When I have a patient who is subject to cramp I advise him to provide himself with a strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped, and take an end in each hand, and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will cease, and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night."

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

WEALTH.

How It is Accumulated, and Its Value.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM sat in front of his tent one beautiful morning in August, looking out calmly on the scene that lay before him. On the one side were the long ranges of hills; before him the beautiful stream meandered cozily through the rich bottom, its sides dotted with sleek cattle, who, intent upon the rich grass, fed quietly, unmindful of the mosquitoes that were buzzing about them. Abou's soul filled with the beauty of the scene.

"Why," said he, "should we not take a lessen from the cows? Why should we not enjoy the great good we have, and not notice small troubles that beset us? Why should we not, with the wealth of delights we have, permit ourselves to be absorbed in enjoyment, and despise the trifling troubles of life. I loathe the man who permits little things to cause him to lose his temper, and—may Allah curse that evil minded and altogether aggravating fly—what were such pests permitted for?"

And Abou, vigorously slapping his cheek in endeavors to kill the fly, poured forth a flood of the choicest Persian profanity. Alas! like all philosophers, Abou could not follow his own philosophy. The contemplation of nature upset by a fly!

Scarcely had he smote his head thrice, in vain attempts to kill the fly, when a young man appeared.

"Well?" was Abou's greeting.

"Do I stand in the presence of Abou ben Adhem?"

"You have that felicity; what wilt thou with him?"

"Mighty Abou——"

"Don't say *mighty* Abou. Be chesm it has become monotonous. Change it, or cheese it."

(Abou frequently dropped into the Oriental style.)

"Great Abou (if that suits you better.) I am an humble suppliant."

"Get at it now, get at it. Of course you are an humble suppliant. You didn't come here to do me good. No, indeed, no one ever does. But to business. What is your particular form of idiocy?"

"Great Abou, I would be rich. I would have gold, or national bank notes, (I am not particular,) and would enjoy all that money can buy. I would——"

"Young man," said Abou, "that is a very common form of insanity, and very hard to cure. Every man who is unable to lift himself up from the common level, by any other means, tries to do it by accumulating money—every man who lusts after the pleasures of life, yearns for money to buy them. Then there is the groveling man who wants money for the sake of money, and the more dangerous man who desires it for the power it wields. I will give you five minutes to tell me what you want to do is to get out of this as rapidly as possible."

And Abou significantly cocked a double-barreled shot-gun, and sat it down blandly within easy reach, and drove on the cart of his discourse.

"To accumulate money, my young friend, is the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to make a dollar a day, and spend only five cents. Any grovsling worm in worldly dust—any puller and hauler of the worldly muck rake who knows enough to realize that one hundred cents make a dollar, and who at the same time is too infernally mean to spend any part of it, may become as rich as Crœsus, if he don't starve to death too soon. To amass a fortune is easy enough. To live like a beggar, and write the word 'grub' in your hat, if indeed you allow yourself the luxury of a hat. You must, however, go through the process of eliminating from your nature everything in the shape of love, charity, mercy, tenderness, liberality, warmth, generosity, taste and all desire for enjoyment of any kind. I have known men who had as much money as they could use, who would deliberately live away from their families ten months in the year, to make more. And this, too, when all the comfort they ever had was with their families. Money must fill the entire man, and the accumulation thereof be the soul's pleasure and passion. Accomplish this and you will find your money will grow as fast as you desire it.

"But you will decrease. The love of money is a tape-worm—it feeds on the body that carries it. Your soul will shrink, and shrivel, and fade till you will have none of it whatever. You have seen a tumble-bug in your native New Jersey, rolling a ball of dirt. It rolls and rolls till the ball is bigger than the bug, and it can't roll any further, when it lies down and dies by the side of its accumulation. Precisely so. My rash friend, you will roll up money till it gets too large to manage, and you will lie down and die by the side of it.

"There are, of course, other ways of accumulating. You might take a revolver and go on the highway; there is forgery, pocket-picking, getting into Congress and voting yourself back pay, and other modes, but being of a good family and expecting to have children of your own, of course you wouldn't think of doing anything of the kind.

"We now come to the second part of this chunk of wisdom. What are you going to do with your wealth when you have it? Enjoy yourself, eh? Yes, they all say so. But when your strength is all gone, what have you got to enjoy yourself with? Your poor stomach, used up by the labor of years, won't allow you to eat? Society? What good is society to a man who has been educating himself for forty years in nothing but stocks and merchandise? Travel? They can't endure it a month, because what they see they do not comprehend. Probably the most touching sight in Nature is a venerable gray-haired pork-packer at an opera, or in front of a picture. You see the effort necessary to make money, exhausts all the faculties which you expect money to cater for.

"It so happens, or rather it is wisely ordered, that trouble is the twin-brother of every one of the pleasures that money buys. Champagne tickles the palate and looks well in a glass, but gout hides in every bubble. The smiling face of the scarlet woman has an angel's look, but—well, get one tacked to you and see what will happen. The dinner of eleven courses makes a pleasant show and a goodly, but behind the waiter stalks dyspepsia, grim and terrible. Your money brings it all—you can't take half and leave half—it goes all in one lot.

"Then what is it worth, any how? The inexpensive, but thirst-quenching beer cures me as beautifully o'er the beaker's brim, as the costly champagne, and is, after all, as good, if you only think so. The mysterious hash, flavored with the long-reaching onion is as appetizing as the *pate-de foie gras*, the one costing a shilling and the other Ten Dollars. The hash of veal, which in Ispahan can be had for a kopeck, is as toothsome as the pilau of lamb for which the true believer shells out a dirhem. One thing, my infant, is as good as another thing, and doubtless, better. Were the waters of the rivulet champagne, and were water worth $4.50 per bottle, with a fee to the waiter, the men of wealth would all be smacking their lips over water. Whisky rasps our interiors effectually as brandy—the one is within the reach of the humblest purse, the other is so many ducats per gallon. A carriage is a good enough thing in its way, but Heavens! think of being a slave to a coachman! And having the carriage, you feel that you must ride in it whether or not. What a weight a carriage must be on one's mind. And then again, think of the terror that an average servant in a black coat and white necktie must inspire!

"My dear sir, a state approximating to vagabondage is the state in which the most happiness is found. Happiness means simply freedom from all care, save that which delights you. I fain would be an Italian brigand, exiled from my native soil, earning a subsistence grinding a hand-organ. Or I would be an Ethiopian, earning an honest, though precarious living, doing odd jobs about houses, and picking up such trifles as can be conveniently reached. These men have no troubles. The sixpence of the morning gives them a dinner—the five cent piece of the afternoon a supper, and a dry-goods box a bed. I never heard of an organ-grinder who owned a big railroad to worry over, nor a boot-black who bought care in the form of a steamship line. But they live, move, and have being, and what more does Vanderbilt?

"Go to, young man, go to. Strive to be like me. You probably never will reach the height of philosophical virtue on which I repose, but you may come something near it. Despise money—do not waste a life in pursuit of it. Do as I do, learn to live without—to care nothing for it, and be happy."

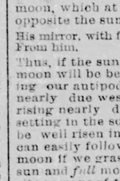
And Abou having finished his homily, sold a Durham heifer to the young man at a bargain, and a hundred shares in a Texas railway. And chuckling at the ease with which he had taken him in for a thousand dollars, he turned to his labor.

THE HARVEST MOON.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF ITS CAUSE.

Moonlight Brief in the Winter Season, but Grows Longer and Longer Until the September Lunation.

Chambers's Journal.



MOST people who live in the country have noticed how the full moon in mid-winter rides high overhead, while in mid-summer it rolls low across the Southern sky. Some of our readers may indeed have asked in vain an explanation of these changes, while most will probably be interested to have one, and to compare it with their own observation of the phenomena. To explain all the lunar changes would, of course, occupy too much space, and we shall select for our purpose the so-called "Harvest Moon," as that is again coming round in due season, and also as it seems to be one of the least generally understood.

This appearance is not due to any lengthing of the time during which the moon is full, and still less to any enlargement of the lunar disk. The diameter of the apparent disk may be as great, or a little greater, and the moon remain what we popularly call "full" for even a longer time, in winter, spring or summer, and yet no effect such as we see in September be produced.

The moon in September has this peculiarity, however, that it rises for a good many successive evenings about the same time, say between 6 and 9 o'clock in the evening, and continues to give light all night. This enables harvest work to go on continuously, night and day, and is found to be a most beneficial arrangement. For example, the moon, if full, say, on the 9th of September (as it is this year), will rise, for more than a week about that date, somewhere between 6:30 and 9:10 p.m. Its time of rising will be later each night by only some 20 minutes, and it will give light the whole night through. This will give a full week during which there will be very little darkness at all. Whereas, if we take the spring moon of 1888, full on March 27, we shall find that it rose then nearly one hour and a half later each evening, and in five days after full moon, instead of rising soon after 8 o'clock, it did not rise till 11:30. These, too, are not specially chosen cases, more striking ones could easily be found.

Now, when we ask the reason for this beneficent behavior of the moon at harvest time, we are met with a most interesting fact at the outset—namely, that the cause of the harvest moon is the same as the cause of the harvest itself. Both depend on the position of the sun in the sky. As the great light of our world withdraws himself southward, and the short days come on, the moon is stimulated by his summer beams, whitens for the sickle. And this very declining motion brings the full moon into the position in which she gives light to the wagones and the reaper.

A little consideration will enable us to see how this is the case. The position of the sun in the sky at the time of full moon determines the place then held by the moon, which at that time must be directly opposite the sun, and like

His mirror, with full face borrowing her light From him.

Thus, if the sun be high overhead, the full moon will be below the horizon, enlightening our antipodes. If the sun be setting nearly due west, the full moon will be rising nearly due east; and if the sun be setting in the southwest, the full moon will be well risen in the northeast. Now, we can easily follow the theory of the harvest moon if we grasp this element truth, that sun and *full* moon are thus always in opposite regions of the sky, so that if at time of full moon we turn the back of our head to the sun and look straight before us we shall look right to where the moon is, whether it be below or above the horizon.

But as the midwinter and midsummer positions of the full moon are more simply explained, we may apply this principle to them first, so that our readers may be prepared more easily to understand the more complex case of the moon in autumn.

First, then, take the full moon in December. It then rides high in the heavens, and comes farther north at rising and setting than at any other time of year. Our principle demands that this should be because it is opposite to the sun at that time, and, of course, this is at once evident, for the sun is then farther south than at any other time. The full moon, then, must come farther north, which is the case.

Again, in June, the sun is farther north than in any other month of the year. His rising and setting are beautifully seen from windows which have even a direct northern aspect. Our principle demands that the full moon should then be far south at its rising and setting, which again we find to be the case.

Now, the farther north in the sky the full moon is the earlier in the evening it will rise; just as the sun rises earlier in morning the farther north it comes, until at the farthest north point of its course it rises in summer before 4 o'clock. Hence the full moon in December, being far north, rises early, and lights the whole of the long winter night. Every one must have noticed the exceeding beauty of a frosty moonlight night at this season, especially when the snow be on the ground. The night is transformed with a fairy-like brightness. The trees stand decorated with millions of gems, and the traveler can discern his way nearly as well as by day.

Again, in summer the sun being far north, the full moon is far south, and rises late in the evening, though early enough to illumine the short summer night. In fact both sun and moon reverse the old proverb, "Early to bed and early to rise;" for if they rise early at any time, they go to bed late, and vice versa.

These two cases of summer and winter show us what happens when the full moon is farthest to the south or to the north in the sky. Now, in August or September she occupies, as we shall see, a position midway between her northern place and her southern, these two months, of course, being each like a half-way house between summer and winter. In fact, sun and full moon in their yearly changes are like two men walking round a circular track, obliged always to keep exactly opposite each other. The resemblance is closer, for our purpose, if we imagine four little houses to be erected round such a track, each toward one of the cardinal points. When man No. 1 is in the southern house, No. 2 must be in the north one; and when No. 1 is in the western house, No. 2 must be in the eastern. In June the sun is in his north house, and the full moon has to be in the south one. In December the opposite holds true. In March and September they are each in one of the half-way houses, to the east and west.

And we see here what misled the author of the answer to which we referred before. He evidently thought that when the full moon was in any of these half way houses, the same phenomena would occur. But he had failed to take account of the cardinal points in the matter—namely, the direction in which she approaches and leaves the house. And it is this direction which causes the harvest moon. Hence, we ask our readers' careful attention to it. We will suppose our men to start, one from the north house and the other from the south. Let No. 1, leaving the north, walk toward the west house first. If No. 2 is to keep opposite him, he must take his walk to the east house, where he should arrive when No. 1 is entering the west one. But No. 1 will be traveling then southward, and No. 2 towards the north. This is in fact, what happens with sun and moon on the evening of full moon in September. The sun is nearly due west at his setting, and the full moon nearly due east at its rising. The sun is going southward to his winter position, and the moon is rapidly going northward.

Now, we have already seen that going northward in the sky means rising earlier in the evening. Hence about the time of full moon in September the moon has a strong tendency to rise earlier rather than later each evening. But its natural tendency, with which we are more or less acquainted, is to rise later each evening by about an hour on the average. What we might call the artificial tendency, due to its northward motion in September, is not sufficient entirely to counteract this, but it does reduce it from an average of an hour or so to about twenty minutes, and that for more than a week, about the time of ingathering of corn in this country. But, observe, this all depends on the fact that the moon is then moving north, night after night, for that time.

Now, we are prepared at once to understand why there is not a similar display in the month of March. The sun is then coming into his western house, traveling northward, and the full moon passes her eastern one, of course going in the opposite direction, or southward. Hence, as going northward means rising earlier in the evening, going southward means rising later. The full moon in March, therefore, has an artificial tendency to rise late every night, and this, added to her natural tendency always to do the same, makes her rise an hour and twenty minutes or so later each evening at that season. In fact, the artificial tendency due to her change of place north or south in the sky in September is subtracted from her natural tendency to rise later, and is added to it in March. Hence she lingers with us in the former month, and hastens rapidly away in the latter.

And in this we have a curious instance of the subtle interweaving of influences with which we are surrounded, and a suggestion of something on a higher plane than that of a mere addition and subtraction. In March the moon hastens to hide her feeble beams before the advancing might of approaching summer, and in autumn she seems to linger to console him for the quick oncoming of the wintry darkness.

We might only add, for the information of any one desiring to pursue the problem further; that there is a likeness between the moons of March and September, only it is the new moon in March which behaves as the full one does in September, and of course that this crescent does little to illumine our darkness.

Part Their Hair in the Middle.

In ancient times the male element in New England either combed its hair back with no parting or parted it in the middle. A glance at the statue of Horace Mann, on the State House lawn, or at any of his pictures, shows that he followed the latter custom. It is remarkable how many of our present public men do the same thing. A number of prominent individuals might be cited whose useful work in the world shows them to be anything but effeminate are accustomed to this style of hair dressing, thus indicating how mistaken are the ideas of those who think the habit a trifle unmanly. One of the architects of the new state house extension visited Portland some time since seeking the work of designing the new Maine State capitol. A newspaper there referred to the fact that he parted his hair in the middle, and the architect, in appearing before the commission on the capitol, spoke of this as one of the objections to him urged by his opponents. "I was going to speak of that," said a member of the board, "but I noticed one of our commission does the same thing." A glance at the gentleman indicated showed that this was true. The architect got his commission, and was quite amused when the Massachusetts State House commission was formed, to find that it, too, had a member who parted his hair centerwise—Governor Long.

The First White House Baby.

Mrs. Wilcox, a clerk in the Sixth Auditor's office, Treasury department, has a history interesting to Tennesseeans. Her father, Andrew Jackson Donaldson, was an adopted son of President Jackson, and she is said to have been the only child who first saw the light of day in the White House. Mrs. Wilcox is a lady of refined tastes and splendid information. She has seen many European capitals, and has a command of Spanish and other languages that serve her to a good purpose in her present sphere. Mrs. Wilcox's husband, who died in 1865, was a Congressman from Mississippi in the Thirty-second Congress, and was afterward elected to the Thirty-fourth Congress from Texas. He was also a member of the Confederate Congress. A more lively, cheerful lady is not to be found, and it is safe to say that Mrs. Wilcox enjoys life quite as fully as any one.

On One Condition.

"I am getting awfully tired of hearing about the virtues of the late Mrs. Brookson," said the second Mrs. Brookson. "It looks to me as if your second wife ought to be as dear as your first wife, Mr. Brookson."

"You would be if you were only in the same place," was the heartless brute's answer.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Bud and Bugs.

"Look at that beautiful young rosebud with a lot of old bugs swarming around her," remarked Brown, as several old boys were flirting with a young lady at a ball.

"Yes, but those are gold bugs, and the rosebud don't mind it," said Jones.—*Texas Siftings.*

It Got Away.

Rev. Longgrace (at the table, discouragingly)—"The ancients were very fond of fowls. The custom was to catch them at sunset—"

Johnny (looking up from a tough drumstick)—"Not all of 'em wuz caught, Mr. Preacher. This is one wot got away."—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Favorable Prescription.

Husband—Wife, the doctor said I was to have but one ounce of liquor per day. How much is an ounce, dear?

Wife—Sixteen drams.

Husband—Wife, I believe that doctor understands my case thoroughly. Let's see; I've eleven more drinks due me yet today.—*Omaha World.*

Not a Wake.

Herr Vogneer—Mein Gott, but I vas all proke up! Vatched mit a corpse last nighd.

Gilligan—Wuz it a wake?

Herr Vogneer—Nein, you Irish shump; id vas dead.—*Life.*

The Need Supplied

OF a scientific and truly reliable hair dressing led to the discovery of Dr. J. C. Ayer's famous Hair Vigor. It was a success from the beginning, and to-day outsells all similar preparations.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation causes a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft, and is a perfect hair dressing."—Mrs. Malcolm B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor has been in use in my family for a number of years, and I regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Dr. B. M. Johnson, Thomas Hill, Mo.

Bessie H. Bedloe, Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp, causing her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely that she scarcely dared comb it.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGTST 22, 1889.

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Circulation Last Week, 168,000.

OUR SHORT-TIME OFFER.

The three-months' offer for the Weekly BLADE, which has been sent to subscribers and others, remains good *only* until September 1. After that date we shall receive no three-months' subscriptions except at the regular rates, printed in our terms at the head of this column. We hope that every one who has not yet done so, will act on the short-time offer as speedily as possible, because we will not be able to supply back numbers, with "The Demagogue," except for a very brief season.

THE MONEY LOSS THROUGH THE RUM HABIT.

There is a practical organization in Chicago, called the "Temperance Education society," which has taken a noble but very good method of bringing some truths pertaining to the Rum traffic home to the minds of the masses. It rents advertising space in the street cars, which is occupied by placards, each giving some point which it is desirable to bring home to the people. These are frequently changed, so that the statements do not become an old story. Here are three samples of placards:

CHICAGO'S ANNUAL BEER BILL,
$26,800,000.
THIS WOULD BUILD THE GREAT WATERWAY AND 600 MILES OF SEWERS OF THE PROPOSED DRAINAGE BILL.

CHICAGO SPENT IN 1888 FOR BEER $26,800,000.
If spent on the city this money would have paid for Waters, Sewers, Paving, Sidewalks, and Lights all Combined.

$26,800,000	
Is Spent for Beer, 1,675,000 Barrels, by Workingmen.	Might Be Spent for 11,160 Homes At $2,400 Each by Workingmen.

Such statements as these set the people to thinking on the subject of the Rum waste. They challenge attention. The interest is aroused, the facts are scrutinized, and workingmen discuss them among themselves. They are excellent primary object-lessons in the building up of public sentiment against the Rum traffic.

Such facts need to be especially brought home to the workingmen of our cities. The man whose attention is arrested by these placards, seeing the enormous waste of money in the one city of Chicago, naturally wonders what the total loss in the entire United States must be each year; and having examined the statement regarding Chicago, and found it correct, he is not hard to convince that the Rum bill of the nation is something over $900,000,000 per year. The Rum of which this is the cost is chiefly used by men in active life; women and children take but little of it.

About one-third of the entire population are workingmen, who must earn the most of the money; hence it is easy to figure that the average tax upon each workingman is about $90 per year, or nearly two dollars a week. But it is probable that half the workingmen in the country do not use Rum to any extent. Admitting this state of things, it follows that about half the workingmen of the country are taxed on an average of two-thirds of a dollar a day for liquors—which not only do them no good, but cause them great great injury, unfitting them for labor, making them unskillful, and subjecting them to diseases, accidents and dangers of various kinds, thus deteriorating the quality of their work, preventing their advancement, consuming their wages, and keeping their noses to the grindstone all their days.

These evils would be grievous enough if they were borne by the persons directly concerned—by the men who drink—and if the price of the Rum consumed were the total cost; but they extend far beyond these limits. The loss caused by the drink habit in one man can no more be measured by the cost of the Rum he drinks than can the damage caused by the explosion of a ton of dynamite be measured by the price of the explosive. One bottle of Rum may cause the loss of a man's life, and deprive his wife and children of their only support; it may lead to an accident by which scores of lives may be lost, or property be destroyed to ten thousand times the price paid for it. The evils of the Rum habit fall heavily upon innocent people. There are very few men who have not families or dependent ones looking to them for support; and they must suffer the poverty and misfortune he brings upon himself, though they are themselves entirely innocent. The primary effects fall upon the drinker himself, of course; his body becomes diseased, his physical and mental vigor declines, and he does not live out the full term of years that would otherwise have fallen to his lot. The secondary effects fall upon his dependent family or friends. They must endure the pinching poverty, meet the privations, that the vicious extravagance of their provider entails.

Nor do the evil effects of the intemperance of a part of the workingmen of our land stop with themselves and their own families and friends. The burden falls upon the entire class of wage-workers, including the sober ones as well as the drinkers. The intemperance of the latter deranges business, demoralizes society, increases vice, crime, insanity and pauperism, adds enormously to taxation in order to maintain the increased police service, the cost of courts, and the support of jails, penitentiaries, poor-houses and hospitals. This increased burden of taxation is borne by the temperate and economical, and loads down the charitable and philanthropic with the care of drunkards' wives and children.

There is another fact worthy of note by the thinking workingman—that the intemperate class, being also improvident, are the ones who are always in trouble concerning their wages. When hard times come—and their grip is always the most keenly felt by the wage-workers—they are often compelled to practice the sternest self-denial and most rigid economy in order to keep the wolf from the door. The case of those who are in the power of the demon of Rum is always far worse than that of their temperate fellow-workmen. The intemperate man can not do as much work as a sober one, nor is his work of as good quality. They do not work as regularly, and consequently do not earn as much. They are not a desirable class of workmen in any establishment, and when a dull time comes they are the first to be dismissed when the force is reduced.

The Rum-drinking workmen are in a chronic condition of poverty, for their earnings go into the tills of saloons instead of into a savings bank. They pay their money out for Rum instead of for food, clothing and other necessaries of life for their families. They have spent in debauches what would have bought them comfortable cottage homes and made them bright and cheerful. They, too, are chronic "kickers" for high wages, notwithstanding the fact that they are the least worthy. They do not realize the axiom in economy that a man's wages are to be measured by what he saves, rather than by what he wastes.

If the workingmen of the entire United States, instead of going on a strike for higher wages, would go on a general strike against Rum, a solid revolution would be wrought. Think of the result if the $900,000,000 per year that is now spent in ruining life and health by Rum were distributed in the avenues of legitimate trade instead of over saloon bars! There would be a permanent boom in every line. There would be abundant work in every shop, every factory, every mercantile establishment; wages would rise, and employers would be able to pay them. An era of prosperity would set in, based on a sure and solid foundation, and the Rum traffic would die for lack of sustenance.

But there are many who, while they are willing to admit that this state of things would follow if all the workingmen of the land should adopt the plan of striking against Rum, will be ready to characterize it as an Utopian dream, impossible of realization, because such unity of action is utterly hopeless. Granted; but there is another way, fortunately, in which the same result can be reached. If it is not possible for the men to abandon the saloons, it is perfectly possible and entirely practicable that the saloons shall be utterly wiped out and the Rum traffic be stopped. If a man can not obtain Rum, he cannot squander his earnings upon it. Let the thinking, thriving, energetic workingmen unite to bring about the state of things pictured above by joining in the effort, through Prohibition, to

Pulverize the Rum Power

SOME NEW CLUB OFFERS.

We are, this fall, going to offer great inducements for the formation of clubs to the Weekly BLADE. We mention the matter now simply to ask everybody to get ready to go to work. We are going to offer inducements not only superior to any we have ever offered before, but some in which there is a good deal of money for the persons who will get up clubs. The advertisement on the fifth page of this paper to-day, regarding tea and chamber sets, is but a preliminary announcement. It is a very advantageous one to any person who desires the ware, but it will be followed by other announcements of a similar character, regarding other useful articles—and which will give you big pay for raising clubs.

☞ The biggest offer of all will be made later. It will *not* be announced in the columns of THE BLADE, but will be sent by mail, and then only in response to requests from those who mean business. Of course a person can not make a regular business of getting up clubs for a newspaper; but for energetic people, this offer will give them, for the time it takes to get up a club, almost as big pay in proportion as the President of the United States receives. When we are ready to send this offer out we will announce it. Meanwhile, read the offer on the fifth page; it will well repay perusal.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

In the present condition of the Terry-Field-Althea Hill difficulty one thing stands out as plain as a pike staff. If it was necessary to protect the life of Justice FIELD before the shooting of TERRY, it is ten times more necessary to protect it now. TERRY might or he might not have attempted to kill Justice FIELD. Mrs. TERRY is almost certain to make the attempt. There has scarcely been an instance in history where a woman of her character has been placed in the position she is, that she has not attempted to kill some one. There is no reason to believe that Mrs. TERRY will prove an exception to the rule; and JUSTICE FIELD is the most natural object for her attack. A woman such as she is the most dangerous thing under heaven. Rendered desperate by what she persuades herself is a successful conspiracy against her, utterly without any compunction of conscience in the matter of taking life, thirsty for notoriety and rendered reckless of consequences by the belief that no jury would inflict upon her more than a nominal punishment, no matter how great her crime, SARAH HILL TERRY is a most dangerous woman at this present writing.

SECRETARY TRACY is preparing to recommend to Congress, in his annual report, a systematic plan to be followed in building up the navy, by which all the smaller vessels will be so constructed that they can be used for active service in case of war. The idea is a good one, not merely because of its utility for defensive measures, but also because such a plan will make the work of the navy easier and more harmonious. Officers and crews can then be transferred from one vessel to another, when necessary, without difficulty, as they will not have to learn every new ship they go into. When all the vessels of a certain class are built alike they can all be managed by the same men. And there seems to be no good reason for the present great diversity of patterns.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER is having compiled the data contained in the replies to his circular of last May, asking postmasters at large offices for suggestions as to minimizing Sunday work in postoffices. When he has studied it all sufficiently, he will probably issue a circular pointing out to postmasters the necessity of doing as little work as possible on Sundays.

THE Democratic brethren do not howl so much over the sad condition of the striking coal miners in Illinois since they have found that WM. L. SCOTT, a leading free trade Democrat, and a close friend of GROVER CLEVELAND, is one of the largest of the mine owners. Nearly every monopoly in the land has a lot of free trade magnates in it.

THE free trade organs are mute upon the fact that the Bethlehem, Pa., Iron company the other day raised its puddlers' wages from $3.25 to $3.80 per day, and made a proportional advance to all its employes. As the tariff is charged with all reductions of wages, why not set this rise down to its credit?

Now the story is that Germany and England have formed an offensive and defensive alliance. Probably the sight of one of England's princesses marrying any one else but some broken down German prince warned BISMARCK that it was time to do something.

"SUNSET" COX is still an incorrigible joker. His latest effort is the declaration that all four of the new states are going Democratic.

MR. KNOX'S ARTICLE.

His Sketch of "Siberian Travel" in This Issue—"A Night in Bombay" Next Week.

As announced last week, we give in to-day's BLADE a most interesting article on travel in Russia, by THOMAS W. KNOX, the noted traveler and author, whose "Boy Travelers," "Young Nimrods," "Overland Through Asia," etc., etc., have made his name familiar as household words in tens of thousands of American homes. Read it, and see if were not right in saying that it is not only extremely interesting, but that there is in it much that is absolutely new and novel to American readers.

Next week we shall publish a second article from Mr. KNOX's pen—this time treating of "Oriental Thieves; or, A Night in the City of Bombay." We can promise our readers as interesting and novel an article on East Indian manners and customs as is the present one on Siberia.

We are promised still a third article, which may possibly be ready for week after next, or perhaps be delayed one week longer. If these letters suit our readers, we will probably give them a more extended taste of Mr. KNOX's quality in the near future.

JUDGE TERRY'S DEATH.

The killing of Judge TERRY, of California, August 14, is the most remarkable affair of its kind which this country ever knew. The death of a man who has just slapped the face of a justice of the Supreme court of the United States is sensational enough of itself, but when all the further surroundings of the case are taken into consideration, the history and character of the man who is killed, the cause of the trouble with all its remarkable and somewhat romantic incidents, the high position of the people interested, and the fact that the shooting was the result of supposed instructions from the highest law officer in the land, the tragedy of yesterday exceeds in dramatic interest anything which the wildest imaginings of the most sensational playwright ever put upon a stage. The scene of a justice of the Supreme court of the United States, traveling with an armed escort is a serious enough thing of itself. It is possible that it was necessary, but it is a sad commentary on men and things in California that the necessity existed. How far the deputy marshal exceeded his instructions is not now known. That he did exceed them cannot be doubted, as Attorney General MILLER would never tell a United States marshal to shoot a man for insulting another. When Justice FIELD sat in that dining-room at Lathrop, he was only a private citizen, and actions which a marshal could legally and rightfully take in a court-room, were illegal and wrong in that railroad eating house. The Supreme court of the United States was not insulted then; it was Mr. STEPHEN FIELD, and while it was right and proper for Marshal NAGLE to save from annoyance and possible harm an old gentleman too feeble to protect himself, and he could have been excused for going to the length of killing a man were it necessary to save the live of an unoffending man, he cannot say that he did it by virtue of his office or claim that it was under instructions from the attorney general of the United States.

The character of the dead man adds interest to the tragedy. While few will regret his death and the many will look on it simply as another illustration of the truth of the Bible saying, "Whomsoever shedeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," still, Judge Terry had his friends, and they were strong ones. He was an intense example of the mistaken idea of chivalry which prevailed so strongly in the South before the war. While most people regarded his killing of Senator BRODERICK as cold-blooded murder, Judge TERRY could see no moral wrong in in it. According to his code it was all right and, were it possible for him to act as judge in the present case, were he to be judge he would have to acquit Marshal NAGLE of all blame, as his code reads that an insult can only be avenged by death, and the man who offers one must be prepared to defend his life as the penalty. Judge TERRY wound up a tumultuous life with a dramatic death. Truly truth is stranger than fiction.

LAW AND FACT.

The law in the case of the Terry killing is plain. The marshal had no legal right to kill a man for slapping the face of Justice FIELD. The facts in the case are also plain. A desperado had attacked an old man on account of a judgment rendered from the bench of the Supreme court of the United States. While the law does not sustain Marshal NAGLE, the facts undoubtedly do, and a jury, which will be instructed to look to the facts and not the law, will doubtless decide in his favor.

THE French Senate, acting as a court, has done all that it can to crush BOULANGER and his ambitions. He has been declared convicted of conspiracy and of attempt at treason against the state, and ineligible to the honors to which he was recently elected. The present activity of Emperor WILLIAM in strengthening his diplomatic relations with England and other European countries, however, has created a new embarrassment for the French ministry; and Russia's candor in interpreting Germany's conduct to mean war is not calculated to promote the quiet of the French people. Discontent in Paris may prove profitable to BOULANGER, for he is accepted by the rabble as the embodiment of opposition to whatever exists, be it good or bad. For the present, however, the Carnot government seems to have but little reason to fear him; and there is not the slightest evidence of that popular revulsion of sentiment which "*le brav General*" led his friends at Paris to anticipate. However, all things are possible to a people as fickle in politics as are the French.

THE blatherskite ROSSER bobbed up in the Virginia Democratic convention the other day with the characteristic suggestion that, dressed in gray and wearing sombreros, the Virginia Democrats could ride over all their enemies. In 1864, ROSSER dressed in gray and wore a hat of that description in the Shenandoah valley; yet his riding was fast and furious to get out of the way of gallant PHIL SHERIDAN. ROSSER is a glittering and persistent ass.

THE wildest case of enthusiasm run mad is that of Mrs. HELEN M. GOUGAR, who declares that she expects to live to occupy a seat in Congress, with ST. JOHN as President. HELEN will never see both these events occur, even if she should live to METHUSELAH's span.

HON. WM. A. WALLACE, of Pennsylvania, will probably lead the Democratic forlorn hope in that state in the coming campaign, as that party's candidate for governor. He is the gentleman who rejoices in the soubriquet of "Coffee pot" WALLACE.

GLADSTONE is going yachting. GLADSTONE is getting to be quite a gay old boy.

ATLANTA'S SHAME.

The city of Atlanta, vaunted as being typical of the "new South," where the people, in the language of the magniloquent GRADY, are "building the sunshine" of a better era "into the bricks and mortar," is terribly excited over an occurrence that would pass simply as a matter of course, and not recive a second thought, in any city of the North. Yet it has raised a perfect tempest in a teapot at Atlanta; the papers are full of it, and a mob of 10,000 people burned two citizens in effigy, because of it, in the streets the other night.

The circumstances are as follows: Gen. LEWIS, the new postmaster of Atlanta, had two positions that were vacant. There were but two eligible candidates who had passed the civil service examination, one being a young colored man named PENNY. He is admitted to be of excellent character, a gentleman in deportment; is a graduate of Atlanta University, and passed a most creditable examination before the civil service examining board. His appointment was not only proper, but it was compulsory under the law. Postmaster LEWIS knew the absurd prejudices of the whites, and considered carefully where to place young PENNY. Said he:

Realizing and recognizing the prejudices of the people with whom I have lived for 25 years, I determined to put the colored man in the registry department, where he would not come in contact with the public.

It is plain, from this, that Mr. LEWIS made all the concession that was possible under the circumstances to the race prejudice of the Atlanteans. But there was a young white woman holding a clerkship in the registry department, the daughter of a Captain LYONS. She started the ball rolling. As soon as Atlanta heard of the appointment, the infernal spirit of caste broke loose, and the people acted like a lot of fools. The *Constitution*, edited by the "silver-tongued" GRADY, took a spasm of silly colorphobia, and a mob of 10,000 people advertised themselves as narrow-minded bigots by gathering in front of the postoffice in the evening, and burning in effigy Postmaster LEWIS and Colonel BUCK, a prominent Republican, through whose influence Mr. LEWIS received his appointment.

The subjection of the authorities to the same silly race feeling was shown by a detail of police being sent to clear the way for the mob and assist in the gratuitous insult to two gentlemen, neither of whom was in fault. Postmaster LEWIS simply executed the law, and could not have evaded doing so without violating his official oath. Of course the colored citizens were indignant over the matter, and got together in knots to talk it over. Then the old, insane fear of a "nigger uprising," that was the specter constantly before the whites in the old slaveholding days, seized upon the valorous Atlanteans, and a thousand or so, "heavily armed," (the other 9,000 chivalrous "Southrons" evidently sneaking home to bed like cowards) got together and sent "scouting parties" through the sections inhabited by colored men. Two hours were spent in this silliness, ending in the shooting of a negro by a policeman. The talk and rant and gabble over the whole matter has not yet quieted down.

The whole affair is disgraceful and discreditable to the last degree. Let not the hypocritical GRADY mouth his moanings over the "new South" any longer; it is the same old narrow-minded, bigoted South of antebellum days, veneered with gush. Absolute intolerance both of civil rights and of political freedom was shown throughout the entire affair. That such an occurrence could happen in the capital of the leading state of the South is ample evidence of the hollowness of its real progress, and the shallowness of its civilization. Prate no more of the "new era," men of Atlanta, till you purge yourself of the shame that is yours! You are simply held in contempt by all men of common ensse and true patriotism.

THE Iowa State Republican convention was one of the most notable ever convened in the Hawkeye state. There were three principal candidates for the gubernatorial nomination, and their strength was so equally divided that it took twenty-five ballots to reach a decision. These three were Mr. WHEELER, of Sac county, a wealthy farmer, who cultivates 6,000 acres; Lieutenunt Governor HULL, and Senator HUTCHISON. Mr. WHEELER was understood to have the backing of the Grange element, supplemented by many prominent politicians, Senator WILSON and Governor LARRABEE being among the number. Mr. HULL was strongly urged by a majority of the soldier element, although Senator HUTCHISON had considerable support from the veterans, having an honorable army record and being mustered out as captain. Senator HUTCHISON's opportunity seems to have occurred in the almost equal support received by Messrs. WHEELER and HULL. He had not antagonized either of these forces, and, when the break came, a majority of the convention naturally went to him. He is an admirable candidate, able, eloquent and honest, and the Iowa Republicans will roll up an old-time majority in his favor.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

THE Inter-state Commerce commission has obtained some interesting figures regarding the railways of the United States. They show that in this country there are 149,901 miles of track, equal to one mile of road to every 20.14 square miles of country. The total amount of stocks, bonds, and other outstanding debts of 136,883 miles of road is $8,129,787,731, or $59,392 per mile. It costs a railroad 2.042 cents to carry a passenger one mile, and 0.630 cent to haul a ton of freight the same distance; the revenue from the former is 2.349 cents, and from the latter 1.001 cents. The average cost of running a passenger train one mile is 84.691 cents; a freight train, $1.038.

CHAIRMAN TOWNSEND, who so brilliantly mismanaged the Ohio Democratic campaign last year, rushes into print with the declaration that the Standard Oil company "has been practically driven out of the natural gas field." Mr. TOWNSEND evidently believes that when you do lie it is good policy to tell a thumper, every time. His declaration doesn't consist with the fact, known to everybody in the Ohio gas field, that the Standard's agents are buying up all good gas territory as fast as they can get their hands on it, and capturing controlling interests in all the small companies. Mr. TOWNSEND should try again.

Democratic organs are now exulting in the hope that Governor Foraker's recent letter to Mayor Mosby will cause the law-breaking class to antagonize him. It is difficult to see what difference this will make, as law breakers are naturally Democrats, anyhow.—*Toledo Blade.*

But, of course, you don't mean that Democrats are naturally law breakers?—*Dayton Journal.*

Its an old story, but it can be told again. Either HORACE GREELY or BOB INGERSOLL, none seems to know which, said: "Every Democrat is not a horse thief but every horse thief is a Democrat."

FOUR years ago the Democratic candidate for state treasurer in Kentucky had a majority of over 67,000. This year it is less than half that. The Blue Grass state is progressing.

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

Postmaster General WANAMAKER is the cause of a great deal of worry to the Democratic brethren. In the first place, they have a holy horror of the introduction of strict business methods into the public service. They want the policy continued of making it the prey of politicians, who are generally absolutely ignorant of the manner of conducting a successful business. Mr. WANAMAKER has been conspicuously successful in his chosen field, and has accumulated a competence through industry and honest dealing. He is carrying the methods which brought him success into the Postoffice department, and that don't suit the Democrats at all. They don't desire that a Republican official shall be capable and successful, and Mr. WANAMAKER is both.

Then Mr. WANAMAKER subscribed to the Republican campaign fund to fight English free trade in this country last year, and secure the triumph of protection. His contribution to this purpose happened to be just as large as the sum GROVER CLEVELAND paid into the Democratic campaign fund to aid in his own re-election. These virtuous Democrats are seized with severe contortions, resembling those resulting from a too exclusive diet of green apples upon a small boy, whenever they mention WANAMAKER's contribution. They assume it was for a "corruption" fund; but are discreetly silent as to CLEVELAND's contribution. Mr. WANAMAKER puts the matter as regards himself in a proper light when he says:

Our party believed that proper protection was best for the republic, and that a low tariff would hurt our prosperity. We did not want the republic harmed. We were honest in our belief. To prevent this harm of low tariff, some made speeches, some wrote editorials and some gave money to carry on a campaign against a foe to our country. I gave what I had. Vanderbilt gave a ship to save the republic in the late war. History commends him for it.

Then again the Democratic politicians are dissatisfied with Mr. WANAMAKER because he happens to have religious convictions, and is not ashamed of them. The old rule of judging other people by one's self seems to hold here. Hypocrites themselves in their political views, they think that Mr. WANAMAKER's piety is also hypocrisy. Their lack of sense is painfully apparent in this. The people of the United States are not, as a rule, disposed to view a man with suspicion because he is religiously inclined. In point of fact, the mass of the best people in the country are of the same mind as Mr. WANAMAKER, and they resent the aspersions cast upon him. Meanwhile, the Postmaster General goes steadily along, attending to his official business earnestly and honestly, and running over to Philadelphia each week to attend to the great Sunday-school of which he is the superintendent. Furthermore, he is endeavoring to reduce the amount of work done on Sunday in the postoffices, in order that the government's employes may have the first day of the week for religion, or relaxion, or whatever else they may choose.

Meanwhile, Mr. WANAMAKER goes quietly along, attending faithfully to the duties of his position, doing the best he can for the people whose servant he is, and not bothering his brains over Democratic criticism. He understands fully that the Bourbons can't help criticising him, for his whole career has been at variance with their ideas. He has amassed wealth in business, and your average Democratic politician can not realize that a man can do that without cheating somebody. He leads a pure life, and tries to put the Christianity he professes into practice among his fellow-men; and this is something they can not understand. But the people of the country are perfectly satisfied with his course, and regard the mouthings of his detractors as of no more importance than the crackling of thorns under a pot.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to end us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

ABSOLUTE FREE TRADE.

The New York *Sun* is an independent Democratic paper. It does not go to the extreme on free trade, its leanings being rather toward RANDALL'S economic doctrine than that of MILLS and CARLISLE. It recognizes the fact that the tariff issue is up for settlement, and that it will occupy public attention in this country for a considerable time yet. It recently gave the following novel solution of the question of how to reach complete free trade:

It is sometimes argued that free trade is impossible in this country, because the support of the government, the maintenance of the army and navy, the payment of the public debt, and the payment of pensions require annually a great sum of money; and this money, it has been fancied, can only be provided by duties on imports or by direct taxation levied upon the several states.

This view of the question is mistaken.

It is perfectly easy to provide the necessary revenue by means of that system known as the internal revenue system, with which we have become familiar during the past 25 years. It is, properly speaking, an excise system and can easily be made to produce all the revenue that is necessary for the needs of the government economically administered.

Take all duties upon foreign importations may at once be abolished, and the United States may be brought to the enjoyment of perfect free trade with all foreign nations whatever. The custom houses may be shut up and every product of every other country may be admitted free of duty.

It is for the people to determine which of these two systems they will have. If they wish for free trade, they can repeal the tariff and rely upon the internal revenue; and, as we have said, it can easily supply all the needs of the government. If they do not wish for free trade, then they will be obliged either to abolish the internal revenue system and to agree with Thomas Jefferson that it is an infernal system; or else they will have to reduce it so greatly that its abolition will be a question of comparative unimportance.

Free trade is now within the reach of the American people, if they desire it. Do they?

No, they do not. The verdict of last November in the Congressional elections settled that question decisively—for it must be remembered that there is as strong a protectionist sentiment in the South as in the North, yet the bugbear of "nigger rule" worked so effectively down there that there was a solid Democratic vote for the free trade candidates for Congress, not because the voting Democrats all believe in that doctrine, but because they regarded Democratic supremacy as more important even than the sacrifice of our industrial importance.

The abolition of custom-houses and the tariff would simply transfer our manufacturing to other countries, and the increased internal revenue taxation would be an oppressive burden. There is more money raised by the tariff with less real direct cost to the people, than is possible by any other method.

SOME of the newspapers that are absurdly taking a position of opposition to civil service reform should ponder the following truthful statement from the New York *Tribune:*

This talk is mere foolishness and froth, and the sooner it subsides the better. The Republican party inaugurated civil service reform, and is pledged to its extension. It is as reasonable to expect that the Mississippi river could be made to run uphill as to imagine that the intelligent voters of the country would countenance a return to the loose, demoralizing and unscientific methods of the spoils system.

THAT Oregon judge who refused to grant naturalization papers to a pugilist, on the ground that citizenship shall not be conferred on a man whose avowed occupation would be contrary to law, had a remarkably level head. We need more like him.

THE way the crowned heads of Europe are traveling around these days, is enough to give one the impression that a huge railway war, with its consequent cut rates, is now prevailing across the Atlantic.

A NEEDED REFORM.

If Postmaster General WANAMAKER is ambitious to institute a reform which will be a priceless boon to thousands of people, especially business men and newspaper publishers, and send his own honored name ringing down the corridors of Time, let him insist on some method of postmarking letters so that the name of both postoffice and state will be distinctly legible upon the envelope.

It is a strange fact, but one whose truth is known, especially to the persons named above, that the average citizen is not particular about putting the name of his postoffice and state at the top of his letter. Sometimes he omits both, and he numerously omits the state. It is queer, too, that if a man writes from Cincinnati, for instance, he is pretty sure to affix to his address a big round "O," or if from Chicago, he adds a superfluous "Ill." But if the letter comes from Criss Cross Corners, or Smithville, the penman assumes that the fame of his native heath is world-wide, and that it would be a waste of ink to mention whether it is located in Texas, Arizona or New Jersey.

It is useless, in a majority of instances, to appeal to the postmark. In nine cases out of ten it is but a blur, or else only half legible. The Postal Guide will not help us where the name of the state is omitted, for there are so many towns of the same name that it is impossible to select the right one. The only remedy is to secure legibility in the postmarks. This would solve the problem, and it is the only way of doing it, so long as people are so forgetful as not to write the name of postoffice and state the first thing in their letters.

THE BLADE is an especial sufferer from this sort of annoyance. We receive several hundred letters every day in the year, many of them containing money, and enough of these are without postoffice address, or lack the state, to involve an infinity of trouble to us, and an immense amount of vexation to their careless writers. In nine cases out of ten the postmark can not be deciphered. All that can be done is to wait till the writers of such letters get tired of waiting for the paper which was ordered, and write to inquire about it, generally in anger. It is possible that, when mad, he may think of telling his postoffice or his state.

A case in point, occurring several months ago, is worth relating. We received $18 by letter, with an order for a Blade Sewing Machine. The letter was dated at "Weston," but the state was omitted. The postmark was utterly illegible. The United States Postal Guide gives 22 postoffices named Weston, in various states and territories. There was absolutely no way of finding out which was meant. The letter was laid aside, to await its writer's inquiries.

In about two weeks came the second letter, complaining at not having heard from us. Again the name of the state was omitted, and the postmark was even worse than that on the former one. Two weeks more elapsed, and the third letter came, wherein he opened the vials of his wrath upon us in fine style. Again he omitted the state; again the postmark was illegible; but the writer, in order to have proof that we had received the letter, had had it registered. This gave a clue. The matter was referred to the Toledo postoffice, and it was traced to a western state. Then only were we able to fill the order and explain to the indignant writer that his own carelessness was responsible.

This is but one case of many occurring in THE BLADE office. No doubt every other large newspaper, every business man, has the same trouble. Mr. WANAMAKER can remedy it by compelling postmasters to so postmark letters that the name of the postoffice and state can be read. Rise up, Mr. WANAMAKER, and institute the most pressing reform needed in the postoffices of the country!

THE indications are that the congress of American nations which is to meet in Washington this fall will be imposing in numbers as well as important in consequences. It is likely that all the independent nations of this continent and the West Indies will be represented, and by some very able men. Our own representatives have been selected with respect to their familiarity with Spanish-American affairs rather than out of consideration for their commanding ability or national reputation. Good will certainly come of the congress, even though no action should be taken binding the powers which participate.

SENATOR INGALLS's article on Prohibition in the *Forum* seems to exercise some of our editorial brethren in the West considerably. They cannot understand, apparently, that the Senator wrote the paper in question from an absolutely impartial standpoint, without making it the vehicle for any opinions whatsoever. So far as the article reveals the Senator's personal views, they seem to be that he did not believe in Prohibition, but it is constrained to declare it a success in Kansas.

ONE of the queer things of the late administration is mentioned by Senator HOAR, of Massachusetts, in a recent letter. He says a high officer in the postoffice department told him that, on inquiring of the persons appointed to the postal service under CLEVELAND and DICKINSON what their occupation had been, 80 per cent answered that they had been bartenders. Mixing drinks is certainly not good training for sorting letters, as the experiment conclusively proved.

BOSTON has reduced the number of her saloons very largely within the past year through the stringent enforcement of the high license law, but her business prosperity is in no wise suffering therefrom. The report of the city assessors shows an increase of nearly $31,000,000 in the value of real estate during the past year; and the tax rate is fixed at 1.29 per cent, compared with 1.34 per cent last year.

THE "unpopularity" of President HARRISON with the Republican party, which is assumed by Democratic friends, is not visible to the unaided optic. The great crowds who cheered the President so enthusiastically at every station on his recent journey to Bar Harbor gave ample evidence that the Republican party is loyal to the President and the whole administration, from top to toe.

ON August 9, the first post of the Grand Army of the Republic, composed of white veterans, ever organized in South Carolina was formally mustered in. It was formed within the historic walls of Fort Sumter, and bears the honored name of "Robert Anderson Post," in honor of the heroic Major ANDERSON who defended the fort from the first attack of armed treason.

NONE of the four new states will bring woman suffrage with it into the Union. Washington, which has once as a territory allowed women to vote, and was therefore most likely to do so as a state, will not give them the ballot in its constitution, and the convention has postponed until next year a popular vote on the question whether such an amendment shall be made.

THE discovery that the work in the sixth auditor's office at Washington is in some instances three years behindhand is not very creditable to the last administration; nor does it carry out the boasts that were made during last year's campaign of the great economies that had been effected in that department of the government.

CALEB MASON'S EXAMPLE.

A Correspondent Makes a Criticism of "The Demagogue" Without Having Full Knowledge of the Matter.

A correspondent of the WEEKLY BLADE, writing from Westfield, N. Y., good-naturedly makes a criticism on a remark of ours regarding "The Demagogue" as follows:

In regard to the story, you say in your issue of the 8th inst. it "is giving much satisfaction to the readers of THE BLADE," etc. Mine own opinion is perhaps among the last so far to find expression—nor need you fear that it will differ materially, if at all, from that given already by the readers of THE BLADE. Caleb Mason will doubtless suggest "pregnant lessons for every American boy."

I don't object at all to your closing word of advice: "See that your sons read it"—I only regret that you did not add to that closing word "but don't, for Heaven's sake, forget to say to them, beware, see to it, that in taking the first step on the ladder to eminence, you sink not yourself deeper in the mire by imitating Caleb's example!"

Our friend will find that the proposed addition was needless. We were writing with a full knowledge of the entire story; while his criticism is based simply on the opening chapters. We submit to him the query: "Will not the lesson that, while wickedness and double-dealing may succeed for a season, but inevitably bring overthrow and ruin as their necessary result, be a stronger, a truer one to the boys of THE BLADE family who read the story, than to have the narrative false to life, and teach an erroneous lesson?" Is there not as much instruction, as deep a warning, to be gained by showing that while a false course may be successful for a time, it must end in downfall and failure, as to show that right courses are successful?

In point of fact, the boys of the rising generation are often misled by noting, in their own neighborhood, thoroughly bad men who, to all outward appearance, are successful, and by unworthy means. It takes years sometimes for the inevitable end to come. "The Demagogue" is the story of such a man, tracing his course from his birth to his death. In view of the fact that boys will find, all around them, cases of men starting on wrong paths, and a apparently successful, we believe the story of CALEB MASON will prove a profitable warning to them. It was this that prompted us to ask our readers to see that their boys read the story from beginning to end. A moral lesson is taught by it that no worthy boy can fail to note—and noting, resolve not to fall into the errors that brounht ruin to the ambitions of CALEB MASON.

OUR TRADE BALANCE.

In some of the preliminary statements and comparisons of our imports and exports for the fiscal year which closed on June 30 last, the error is committed of omitting all importations and exportations of the precious metals and striking a balance between the totals of merchandise alone. But there is error, of course, in such a method. Gold and silver are just as much products of our country as are wheat and oil, and are just as proper objects of exportation when the market calls for them. Even if they were wholly in the form of coin instead of being composed, as they are largely, of bullion, they could not be omitted without destroying the true balance of trade. Taking them into consideration, we find that there has been an encouraging increase in the volume of business with respect to both imports and exports. The former are the largest ever known in any fiscal year, and the latter rank fourth in the commercial record. The total value of the foreign trade was greater than in any year since 1883. And an adverse balance last year of $40,926,410 has been changed to a favorable balance this year of $64,952,783. We sold abroad more than we bought, and the nation is that much richer. It will be remembered that the balance of trade was against us during the previous fiscal year, for the first time in a long series of years—a striking testimony to the malign influence exerted by a free trade administration, through treasury rulings on imported articles, hostile to the American idea of protection.

IT is said that "prominent colored men" are about to establish a paper in Monroe county, Ark., in opposition to the Republican party, and the New York *Graphic* comments: "We imagine that from this time forward these particular colored men will be as safe from Bourbon shot-guns and bowie-knives as if they lived in Massachusetts. It is the Republican negro who is hateful in Bourbon estimation. The Democratic negro is a man and a brother."

IT is funny that some Democratic howlers about the tariff take no pains to find out what articles are protected and what are not. Here is a rural editor saying in dead earnest that the rise in the price of raw cotton is due to speculators, who, being protected by the tariff, are combining to raise its price! He don't know, apparently, that raw cotton is on the free list.

THE Georgia legislature should sit down hard on the silly bill some reactionist has introduced to make ROBERT E. LEE's birthday a legal holiday. To honor the military genius and purity of life of General LEE, even though he fought in a mistaken cause, is one thing; to exalt that cause by making a holiday of its leader's birthday is quite another.

THE Republican party can capture the electoral vote of Virginia in 1892 and increase its majority of the Congressional delegation of that state next year, as well as in the Presidential year, says the New York *Press*, by taking a decided and determined stand for the repeal of all the internal revenue taxes on tobacco.

THOSE who are expecting a second Oklahoma boom this year, over the opening of the great Sioux reservation, are in error. It will be necessary for Congress to act upon the report of the commission before the President can declare the lands open for settlement.

A VIOLENT quarrel has arisen between the two wings of the Democratic party as to whether RANDALL OF CARLISLE shall be minority leader in the next House. We have no personal interest in the matter, but would suggest that it be settled by a game of draw poker.

REPRESENTATIVE KROUR, of North Carolina, tersely remarks that all the talk about a southern combination to obstruct the organization of the House is "simply the usual remedy against dog-day dullness in Newspaper Row."

WHATEVER the amount may be that England gives the new DUCHESS OF FIFE the people have at least the satisfaction of knowing the money will stay in the country.

SAN DIEGO is advertising that a mine of natural soap has been found in that vicinity. This is probably a deep-laid scheme to cause anarchists to avoid the town.

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

Mr. Robinson Locke's Series of Illustrated Letters From Europe.

Private letters received from Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE inform us that he is so busy sight-seeing, and in meeting old friends and renewing pleasant acquaintances, made several years ago, on the occasion of his former European sojourn, that he will not be able to begin his promised series of letters for two or three weeks yet. He speaks of the abundance of excellent material he is collecting, and we are certain THE BLADE'S readers will not be the losers by the brief delay. His headquarters are at Hamburg, and he will spend about two months among the people of Northern Germany. His series of letters for THE BLADE will be

Illustrated by Photographs Taken on the Spot.

These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American readers about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE (Nasby), and thus had an unequaled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XX.

RICHMOND ON THE JAMES.

A soldier boy from Bourbon lay gasping on the field,
When the battle shock was over and the foe was forced to yield;
He fell a youthful hero before the foemen's arms,
On a blood-red field near Richmond, near Richmond on the James.

But one still stood beside him, his comrade in the fray;
They had been friends together from boyhood's happy day;
And side by side had struggled, through fields of blood and flames,
To part that eve near Richmond, near Richmond on the James.

He said: "I charge you, comrade, my friend in days of yore,
Of the far, far distant dear ones that I shall see no more;
Though scarce my lips can whisper their dear and well known names,
To bear to them my blessing from Richmond on the James.

"Bear my good sword to my brother; the badge upon my breast
To the young and gentle sister that I used to love the best;
But one lock from off my forehead give the mother that still dreams
Of her soldier boy near Richmond, near Richmond on the James.

"I would that my dear mother's arms were folded round me now;
That her gentle hands could linger one moment on my brow;
But I know that she is praying, where the blessed hearth-light gleams,
For her soldier's safe return from Richmond, on the James.

"And on my heart, dear comrade, close lay those nut-brown braids
Of one that was the fairest of all our village maids;
We were to have been wedded, but Death the bridegroom claims;
And she is far, that loves me, from Richmond on the James.

"Oh, does that pale face haunt her dear friend that looks on thee?
Or is she laughing, singing in childish, merry glee?
It may be she is joyous and loves but joyous themes;
Nor dreams her love lies bleeding near Richmond on the James.

"And though I know dear comrade, you'll miss me for awhile,
When their faces, all that love thee, again on thee will smile;
Again you'll be the foremost of all their youthful games;
But I shall lie near Richmond, near Richmond on the James!"

And far from all that love him this youthful hero sleeps,
Unknown among the thousands of those our country weeps;
But no higher heart or braver than his at sunset beams,
Was laid that eve near Richmond, near Richmond on the James!

The land is filled with mourning from hall and cot left lone;
We miss those well-known faces that used to greet our own;
And long poor wives and mothers shall weep with tilted dismes
The bloody summer of Richmond, on Richmond on the James!

THE LETTER.

Sir! Brother Green, do come to me,
For I am shot and bleeding;
And I must die, and here to see
My wife and my dear children.

Southern foe hath laid me low
On the cold ground to suffer;
Dear brother, stay, lay me away,
And write my wife a letter.

Tell her I am prepared to die,
I hope we'll meet in heaven;
When I believed on Jesus Christ
My sins were all forgiven.

I know that she has prayed for me,
And now her prayers are answered;
That I might be prepared to die
If I should fall in battle.

My little babes, I love them well,
Oh! could I once more see them,
To bid them both a long farewell
Till we should meet in heaven.

But I am here in Tennessee,
And they are in Illinois:
And I must now soon buried be,
No more to hear their voices.

Dear Mary, you must treat them well,
And train them up for heaven;
Teach them to love and fear the Lord,
And they will be respected.

And when your work on earth is done,
And all life's toils are over,
We'll meet again in that bright world
Where all is peace and pleasure.

Dear father, you have suffered long,
And prayed for my salvation;
But I shall beat you home at last,
And say "Farewell, Temptation."

Your eyes are dim and ears are deaf,
But oh! the wondrous story:
Where we shall meet in that bright world,
Then we'll sing Glory! Glory!

Dear sister Nancy, do not grieve
The loss of your poor brother,
For I am gone with Christ to live
And see my blessed mother.

Dear sister Mary's gone there, too,
She lives and reigns with angels;
And Jefferson, who died when young,
I know I'll see their faces.

IOWA'S WALLED LAKE.

Wonder That Can Not Be Explained.

Burlington Hawkeye.

The greatest wonder in the state of Iowa, and perhaps any state, is what is called the "Walled lake," in Wright county, twelve miles north of the Dubuque & Pacific railway, and 150 miles west of Dubuque city. The lake is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is ten feet high, fifteen feet wide on the bottom, and five feet wide on top. The stones used in its construction vary in weight from three tons down to a hundred pounds. There is an abundance of stones in Wright county, but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or ten miles there are none. No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot or who constructed it. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland half a mile in width, composed of oak. With this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted there at the time of the building of the wall. In the spring of the year 1856 there was a great storm and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vicinity were compelled to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a grand surface of 2,800 acres; depth of water as great as 25 feet. The water is clear and cold, soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from nor where it goes, yet it is always clear and fresh.

SIBERIAN TRAVEL.

Some Interesting Facts About a Little-Known Land.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

IT was in the middle of an autumn night that I started from a little town at the head of navigation on the Amoor river for a land journey through Siberia. Five thousand miles of road lay between me and the terminus of the railway at Nijni Novgorod; 5,000 miles of travel behind horses in wheeled carriages and sleighs, over mountains and plains, across rivers where bridges were unknown and floods were often dangerous, through a sparsely settled country where robbers were far from unknown, and where wolves and other wild animals had their hunting grounds. Winter was near with its short days and long nights, with its terrific bourans (hurricanes) in which men and horses who braved their fury ran great risk of destruction. A part of my journey would be accomplished before the coming of winter, but by far the greater portion would remain for the period when the frost king is the dominant power and much more to be dreaded than the autocratic czar.

And yet, in spite of all its objectionable features, winter is greatly to be preferred o the summer for traveling in Siberia. In the warm season the roads may be dusty, or they may be muddy, and in whichever of these conditions they present themselves they are superlative examples of their kind. Mosquitoes, flies and other insect pests abound in great numbers; the crossings of the streams must be made by ford or ferry, and in either case there are often long delays on the rivers' banks. Provisions are difficult to obtain along the route, and the summer heat makes it impossible to carry more than a small supply of perishable articles; and furthermore, the summer vehicle is of much more heavy draught than the winter one, and consequently the speed is less.

The frost seals the rivers and hardens the mud; the snow covers the dust and smooths the road. Mosquitoes and all their kindred winged nuisances are unknown in the winter, and as for provisions, one may carry sufficient to last him with ease from one large town to another, where supplies are easy to obtain. By all odds winter is the time for Siberian travel, though the sun rises after 9 in the morning and sets before 3 in the afternoon. There is more monotony to the winter journey than the summer one, but in nearly every other respect it is far preferable.

The stations where we change horses are from ten to twenty miles apart, and between the stations every verst—two-thirds of a mile—is distinctly indicated upon a post set in the ground at the roadside. In front of the station house there is a larger post which indicates the distance to each of the neighboring stations, east and west, and also the distance to Moscow and St. Petersburg. When I started on my ride it was more than eight thousand versts to the capital of the empire. I confess to a feeling of "goneness" as I read the figures indicating this great distance and noted from station to station how very slowly they diminished; 7,858 seems but a trifle less than 7,871, especially when the figures are contemplated after one has been shaken for hours over a road that resembles a nutmeg grater on a Brobdignagian scale, or has passed at full gallop, in a springless vehicle, over section after section of "corduroy," composed of unhewn logs laid down with no particular care.

The continual and long-continued jolting gives rise to what the Russians call "the road fever," in which the blood is excited to a high degree and the movements of the vehicle cause a rush of the crimson fluid to the head, till it seems as though the skull was ready to burst at every fresh shake. Novices are almost absolutely certain to experience it within the first day or two of their journeys, and even the old stagers are liable to it at any time. The traveler thus afflicted loses his temper on the slightest provocation, and until the fever subsides he is far more irascible than the traditional "bear with a sore head." It is fortunate that the American stranger is generally ignorant of the language of the country, else he might visit upon the unoffending drivers and stationmasters whom he comes in contact an amount of wicked words that would link his memory with uncomplimentary associations.

I remark by the way that the Russian language has a tropical abundance of profanity and orjurgation. Through the whole of the vocabulary of daily life there is a corresponding wealth of idiomatic expletives that a Sixth warbler might envy. Even in ordinary conversation one hears cultivated ladies and gentlemen exclaim "*Ye Bogu!*" ("By God!") quite as often as a French woman says "Mon Dieu!" or the typical New Englander is credited with remarking "Do tell!" But it should be remembered that Russia covers an eighth of the land surface of the globe, and has a population exceeding 100,000,000. Consequently no ordinary language could do justice to the country and its people.

After the ordinary questions relating to food and drink and the exigencies of daily existence in general, the first words for a Siberian traveler to learn are the equivalents for the Yankee "Go ahead!" Learn to say "*Poshol!*" ("Pasteur!") with an emphasis to raise the roof and the accent on the last syllable; then learn "*Stupiel*" and "*Skorey!*" which are also accented on the ultimate and have a meaning equivalent to "*Poshol.*" Try them on your driver when he is deliberate in his movements, and note the effect. He will generally accelerate the speed of his team, and his efforts to do so will be increased if you add to your injunction, "*Dawa na vodku.*" It may seem to the uninitiated that the phrase savors of profanity, but such is not the case; it simply means "I will give you drink money."

The hope of reward is as strongly seated in the breast of the Siberian *yemshick* as in that of the Paris cocher, the London cabby, or the New York hackman. Liberal "*Na Vodku*" on a Russian post road will sometimes accomplish wonders. I have known ten or twelve miles an hour to be made by a sleigh under its influence, and on one occasion I held my watch in my hand and timed a speed of twenty-two versts, or fourteen and two-thirds miles, in just 60 minutes. Nowhere does the definition of gratitude, as a lively anticipation of favors to come, apply with greater force than on a Siberian road.

Reward poorly the *yemshick* who has driven well, or reward liberally the one who has driven you badly, and you can be sure of being badly served on the next course. But give with careful discrimination, and if there's a possibility of speed without too much infringement on the rules in regard to overdriving, you'll be sure to get it. The station master and his drivers have different views on this subject, as the former is the owner of the stock, and therefore the sufferer when a horse is killed. But you have the advantage that the master is at the station, while the driver is with you; for the time at least he is in sole control of the team, and is generally amenable to bribes.

Siberia is best known to the rest of the world as the land of exiles. Since the time of Peter the Great it has been the place of banishment for those who offend against the sovereign of Russia and his laws. Ordinarily from 10,000 to 12,000 criminals are sent there every year; the occasional revolts in Poland and the present spread of nihilism through the empire add more or less largely to the involuntary emigration. In some years 20,000 or 30,000 exiles, including criminals and politicals, have been sent to Siberia, and of this great number comparatively few are ever returned to Europe. It naturally follows that Siberia is filled with an undue proportion of the criminal classes.

Many of the criminal exiles have been sent there for small offenses, and are, consequently, of the category of simple *delenus*, or "detained in the country." They can do pretty much as they like, as long as they do not return to Europe; can wander from place to place, and take any employment that is open to them. The result is the country is full of tramps, and on occasions when there is a chance of making an honest penny by highway robbery, the tramps are not slow to embrace it. In the winter the weather is too cold for their operations, and the mostly hibernate in the towns, like the tramps of enlightened America, so that the roads are comparatively safe; but if you carry any baggage on the rear of your sleigh it must be fastened with chains and not with ropes, which can be cut away.

In the spring the tramp's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of rural strolling, and he continues to wander till the snows fall again. It is in this period that he is dangerous to the traveler, or rather to certain classes of travelers. He does not attack a government courier, as he knows he can, and probably will, be shot down without mercy, and besides, the courier does not carry much money about him. The same reasons apply to travelers of the second class; officers on private business, and not traveling en courier, and the game of the Siberian robber consists of the third-class travelers—merchants—who are not often armed, and far more likely to have large sums of money about them than are the officials. Besides, the robbery or death of an official would rouse a very unpleasant hue and cry, while the same calamity to a merchant would be—well, it would not make so much trouble for the tramp.

Every traveler must have a *paderojina* or road pass on which is his name, destination, and the number of horses to which he is entitled. A first class *paderojina* is for government couriers and very high officials, while the second and third classes of travelers are described in the preceding paragraph. I was accompanied by a Russian officer, a captain on staff duty, and we had a second class *paderojina*, together with a special letter from the governor of the province introducing me to the station masters, and urging them to facilitate my journey. The pass and letter were potent, and we had no delay at the stations; if there were no horses ready they were promptly impressed from the villagers, and paid for at the government rates, according to custom.

Sometimes we reached a station just as a third-class traveler was ready to start with a fresh team. There being no other horses, the team was detached from his vehicle and attached to ours and away we sped, leaving him to gnash his teeth and perhaps wait for hours before he could be supplied. Yes, of course, it was rough on him, but then it was the custom of the country, and I was powerless to change the laws and ways of the empire; besides, if we had been in his position when a first-class traveler arrived we should have been subject to the same treatment. Once, when we saw a courier approaching and before the station master caught sight of him, we bundled into our vehicle and were off as though we expected a volcano to burst under us and were trying to get out of its way.

By day there was little fear of trouble from the highwaymen, as these fellows do not generally operate in the light, and besides it was easy to see that we did not belong to the desirable class for plunder. At night we kept our revolvers handy and were prepared to use them if necessary; my friend, the captain, said that according to Russian law it is not permitted to shoot the robbers that attack you unless you are outnumbered; that is, as we were two—driver and horses not being considered of the fighting force—we would not be permitted to use our firearms with killing intent if only two men attacked us, while if the robbers were three or more in number we would not be under legal restraint.

"And let us hope there will be three of them if they come at all," he said, as he looked at the caps on the nipples of his revolver, while I as carefully examined those of my weapon. In the language of the bounding West he was "spoiling for a fight," and would have welcomed a dozen highwaymen in a body without hesitation. It is not necessary to give in extenso my own views on the subject; suffice it to say that I have always held to the principle that it is unwise for a traveler in a foreign country to interfere with its social or political laws and customs and therefore I was in favor of peace.

We were slowly crawling through the mud one dark night, my companion being sound asleep while I was beginning to nod, when I heard sharp voices in front of us and our carriage came to a halt. The road was lined with a thick growth of willows on either side and the shade of the trees added to the darkness of the clouded and moonless sky. You could see your hand before you, but you couldn't see the hand of a man ten feet away. I could discern the outline of the driver on the box with tolerable distinctness, and what was more to the point I could see some shadowy forms emerging from the bushes and taking position at the heads of our horses. I spoke in French to the captain and he was awake in an instant, and not only awake but had his pistol in hand. I could not make out how many there were that had stopped us, but it seemed that there ought to be three or four at least.

"There are certainly three of them," said the captain, and then he fired, not the revolver, but his mouth, from which emerged a volley of stronger oaths such as the soldier in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages" never dreamed of. The verbal discharge ended, he gave them a shot from his revolver, and I followed his example. Whether either of our shots had any effect I know not, but I do not believe we did any execution. The night was dark, the forms of our assailants were dim almost to nothingness, and our aim could not have been accurate; at any rate, I am sure mine wasn't. Besides, no game was picked up either then or afterward. It is proper to say that if any of the robbers had been killed, he or they would have been quietly buried by the local authorities, and no fuss made about the matter.

However improper from a moral point of view and shocking to the religious teacher the captain's profanity was fully as important in ridding us of our assailants as were the shots from the pistols. With the severe rule that is exercised over the lower classes in Russia no man who travels with a third class paderojuia can learn to swear with earnestness and completeness that displayed by my comrade; his expletives and the way in which they were uttered told the robbers in an instant that they had "waked the wrong passenger" and were in for a fight, with very little chance of plunder if successful. The shots from our revolvers accentuated the oaths and the fellows gave up their enterprise, disappeared in the darkness, and we were at liberty to continue our journey, which we did without delay. I'm sure that my friend the Russian captain could give points to the army that swore so terribly in Flanders, and win the game in the end.

PIONEER JUSTICE.

Settling a Controversy Satisfactorily All Around and Wasting No Time.

A story that Judge Reilly occasionally repeats when the subject of Michigan justice is up for discussion runs substantially as follows, says the Detroit *Free Press:*

When Gratiot county, Michigan, first began to be disturbed by pioneers, and after it had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor named Meacham for assault and battery. To save the constable a six-mile trip the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davison halted him with:

"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in an awful hurry," said the squire. "Come to-morrow."

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a raising to-morrow."

"Meacham, did you hit him?" asked the justice.

"Yes."

"Davison, did you strike first?"

"No."

"Meacham, had you rather work for Davison three days than go to jail?"

"I guess so," answered Meacham.

"And will that satisfy you, Davison?"

"Yes."

"Then make tracks for home and don't bother me another minute! My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same beech down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear meat if it upsets the Supreme bench of Michigan. Court stands adjourned at present."

Remember That

A stone, used by grocers, is equal to 14 pounds.

It takes from 1½ to 2 bushels of wheat to sow 1 acre of ground.

To find the amount of hay in a mow, allow 512 cubic feet for a ton.

A box 16 inches square and 8 2-5 inches deep will contain 1 bushel.

A cord of stone, 3 bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

One cent saved each day and put at 6 per cent interest will accumulate to $950 in 50 years.

A thousand laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and 11 pounds or lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, 16 bushels of sand 1 bushel of hair will make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

The President Made Glad a Sick Girl's Heart.

Boston Advertiser.

An interesting incident occurred while the Presidential party was momentarily halted on South street on the way from the railway to the hotel Wednesday. In the window of a tenement house one flight up from the street, a pale-faced girl of 17 years gazed out upon the procession and feebly waved her handkerchief to those below. The marks of long illness were evident upon her cheeks, and a pillow that bolstered her back indicated some disease of the spine which prevented walking.

President Harrison raised his eyes to the tenement window above. An expression of pain passed over his countenance as he saw the girl with disappointment in her eyes, cease waving her handkerchief and settle back in her chair, as if sorry after all her effort that she had not seen the President's face. The latter impulsively turned in his seat, and, looking directly up to the window, bowed smilingly to her as individually as if the throng around were absent and he had known her well.

The blood mantled her face in joy at the recognition, and with an impulsive action she broke off a half-opened bud from a solitary plant on the window sill and tossed it down to the carriage below. At that moment, however, the procession started and the girl's gift fell short. It dropped on the muddy pavement, and the hoof of a cavalry horse crushed it.

QUEER SALUTATIONS.

The Hindoo falls in the dust before his superior.

The Chinaman dismounts when a great man goes by.

It is common in Arabia Petraea to put cheek to cheek.

In Germany brothers kiss each other every time they meet.

Germans consider it an act of politeness to kiss a lady's hand.

A Japanese removes his sandals, crosses his hands, and cries out: "Spare me."

The Burmese pretend to smell of a person's face, pronounce it sweet, and ask for "a smell."

A striking salutation in the south sea islands is to fling a jar of water over the head of a friend.

In some of the south sea islands natives spit on their hands and then rub the face of the complimented person.

The Austrian natives practice the singular custom, when meeting, of sticking out their tongues at each other.

The Arabs hug and kiss each other, making simultaneously a host of inquiries about each other's health and prospects.

The Turk crosses his hands upon his breast and makes a profound obeisance, thus manifesting his regard without coming into personal contact with its object.

A Moorish gentleman rides at his friends at a gallop, shoots his pistol, and fancies that he has done everything in the line of courtesy which can be expected of him.

An Englishman meeting his brother after twenty years of separation, will say: "How do you do, Jack?" will shake hands, and will be quite contented with an answering "How are you."

The savages of the Pacific ocean rub each other's noses to show their friendship, varying this peculiar greeting by rubbing their faces against the hands or feet of those for whom they wish to show their respect and affection.

In Siam a man throws himself on the ground and waits to see whether he will be raised up and welcomed or kicked away, the choice of reception being usually made according to the personal cleanliness of the self-abused saluter.

A race known as the Kalmucks resort to a salute very similar to that of the Esquimaux. They, too, rub noses, but before they reach the same spot they sink upon their knees and creep together, when the salutation culminates in an energetic contact of the olfactory organs.

YES AND NO.

Is marriage a failure? I looked in the hall
Of the rich; there were shadows of bitterest gall;
Hearts were cold and deserted: love wept in distress.
Is marriage a failure? I answered me, "Yes."

Is marriage a failure? I paused at the door
Of the fair, humble, rose-bowered cot of the poor;
Where lives were illumined with love's fervent glow,
And heart beat for heart. Then I answered me, "No."

Johnnie Suggests a Topic.

Little Johnnie approached his mother as she was laying away a pan of fresh-laid doughnuts.

"Mother, I say, mother!"
"What is it, my son?"
"Why don't you talk some, mother?"
"What do you want me to say, Johnnie?"
"Well, you might say: 'Johnnie, don't you want a doughnut?'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Drew the Line at a Nickel.

First boy—Will you cross your heart and take your oath that it is so?

Second boy—You bet I will.

First boy—Will you take your dying oath?

Second boy—Yes, I will.

First boy—Will you bet a nickel it's so?

Second boy—No; I won't take such chances as that.—*Omaha World.*

At the Beaches.

A Boston child, being taken for the first time to the beach, became very much interested in the crowds of bathers disporting in the water. Finally, as numbers of the bathers began to return to the bathhouses, the child's sympathies became immediately aroused, and turning to her mother she said sorrowfully: "They must be very poor folk, mamma, they've got so little clothes on."—*Boston Budget.*

Keeping Up With the Supply.

Freddie G., aged 5, contracted the habit of eating his food very rapidly. Repeated scoldings failed to correct the habit. Finally his mother one day angrily said:

"Freddie, what makes you eat so fast?"

With a mouthful of food and without stopping for an instant in his masticatory operations the youngster mumbled:

"'Cause I want to see what's tuming next."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Society in the West.

Mrs. Gotham—So you live in Kansas City? I suppose you know Mrs. Van Astor, who moved there from New York?

Mrs. De Boom—Not intimately. The fact is she is not in my set. She associates with very respectable people of course—lawyers, preachers, bankers, manufacturers and such folks, but she has not been admitted into the real estate circle.—*New York Weekly.*

A Nice Old Lady.

Ada—So you have been to see your husband's friends, have you, Lulu? And how did you like his mother?

Lulu—Oh, ever so much, Ada; she made me feel so much at home. Why, in less than 24 hours after I arrived there she had me in the kitchen wiping dishes.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Matter of Valuation.

Miss Gladys Herbeau—"It's not for my property you love me, is it George? You love me for myself alone?"

Mr. Hermann—"Yes, darling."

Miss Gladys Herbeau—"For my real worth?"

Mr. Hermann—"Yes, dear. Real and personal."—*Life.*

We've All Been There.

A man may find on hills or coast
Much recreation, rest and fun;
But when he needs vacation most
Is after he's returned from one.

A Camp Meeting.

"Pa," inquired Bobby, as they were returning from a revivalist meeting, "why do those people shout so loud; is God deaf?"

"No, Bobby, but in a case of that kind He is a good way off."—*Life.*

Suggested Names.

Happy Father—Joe, old boy, give me suitable names for my twin babies.

Joe—Are they boys or girls?

"Girls."

"How will Kate and Duplicate do?"—*Time.*

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY.—If you would like to introduce a fine prolific variety of wheat in your neighborhood and make money by so doing, send us your name at once, together with the names and addresses of the principal wheat growers you know, and we will send you full particulars that will make it possible for you to earn from $10 to $20 a day. *Don't miss this chance. Apply at once.* Address J. A. Everitt & Co., Seedsmen, Indianapolis, Ind.

CURRENT COMMENT.

What in Thunder is the Hall Mark?

Boston Herald.

Only pretty girls apply at Narragansett Pier. The place is shunned by all girls who don't bear the hall mark.

Yes, Rich and Savory.

Kansas City Journal.

It is rumored that the Civil Service commission will next turn its attention to Baltimore. This is getting down into the territory of Senator Gorman and Eugene Higgins, and there ought to be some rich finds.

America's Supply of Coal.

Philadelphia Record.

Prof. McGee, of the United States geological survey, says that a calculation as to the quantity of anthracite coal in the country and the probable consumption leads to the conclusion that such deposits will be exhausted within a century, while, judging from the known supply, bituminous coal will not last longer than three or four centuries. It is altogether probable, however, that great veins of undiscovered bituminous coal may yet be tapped.

Benedict's Blunders.

The Utica, N. Y., *Herald* notes that it was the boast of Public Printer Benedict that he had brought the bookkeeping system of his bureau into as "perfect shape as can be found in any private business establishment in the country." Mr. Benedict's successor was surprised, in the face of this boast, embedded in official testimony before a committee of Congress, to find on taking charge that accounts were badly mixed. A force of clerks has been at work nearly three months trying to straighten out the tangle, and is yet so far from the end that Mr. Palmer dares not make settlements by the figures shown by Mr. Benedict's books. Of 2,300 accounts examined, 400 have been found erroneous.

Good Roads.

Clarksdale, Miss., Banner.

One good country road from one town to another is worth more than the lives of 20 professional politicians.

The Seashore Girl.

Boston Journal.

Oh! the seashore girl with her flowing hair,
And her dress of tulle or lawn,
And her blushing cheeks is a vision as fair
As the rosy morning's dawn.

Her cheeks are the blushing skies sun kissed,
Her robe is the morning's fleecy mist,
Her eyes are the ocean's fathomless blue,
And her lips are the rosebuds fresh with dew.

Our Historic Sites.

Albany Journal.

For a young nation the United States has a number of spots of historic interest constantly visited by those for whom such localities have especial attractions. In one week recently 1,137 persons registered at Washington's headquarters at Newburg.

It Is Safe to Remain at Home.

Boston Herald.

The lightning has struck a Baptist church up in Western Massachusetts. Perhaps this answers the question why more people don't go to meetin'.

Lack of Patriotism.

Brooklyn Times.

One of the most discouraging features of American politics and political journalism is the apparent anxiety of a large section of the press, in every case of a dispute with any foreign power, to prove that the United States is in the wrong and the contending power in the right. "Our country, right or wrong," may be a dangerous maxim, but it is a thousand times more respectable than that cosmopolitanism which seeks to exploit its liberality by constantly depreciating its own country and awarding the palm, in every dispute, to the foreigner. The Behring sea controversy is a case in point.

Solid Fact.

Rochester Sunday Herald.

A pretty maid is nice to see,
And she is nice to woo,
But it matters not how sweet she be,
If she ain't sweet on you.

No Offense In That.

"Tanner's only offense," in the eyes of the Columbus (O.) *State Journal*, "is that he will not interpret the pension laws as Cleveland did and as Cleveland's Mugwump and Confederate admirers want him to interpret them."

Bill Scott the Man.

Chicago Journal.

And it is ex-Congressman W. L. Scott, all this time—the "Great" Scott of last year—who has been driving the miners out of the coal mines and leaving them to starve. And this tariff on coal was to have stood just as it stands now, under the Mills tariff bill, supported by Scott as a member of the committee of which Mills was chairman. It is all a Democratic affair, under Finance Chairman Scott, member of the Democratic National committee and ex-Democratic member of Congress.

Mr. Wanamaker's Private Affairs.

Jewish Messenger.

It is unfair and un-American for press critics to harp upon Mr. Wanamaker's religious professions. His being a Presbyterian has nothing to do with his ability as postmaster general. The cheap jokes that are uttered by the opposition papers are not only pointless, but are evidences of a spirit of bigotry that merits sharp censure. If his newspaper critics possessed the remotest portion of his religious sincerity, they would never be guilty of such smallness. There is vastly more cant about their sneers than Mr. Wanamaker's prayers—which concern him alone.

A Mugwump Remark.

New York Herald.

Thus spoke the great statesman from Me.:—
"My position I'll firmly Ma. te,
These Canuck sealers must
Out of Behring Sea dust,
Or feel the swift vengeance of Bla."

"How Do You Account for That?"

Wine and Spirit Gazette.

It is notorious that our brewers seldom daink their own beer or the product of any other brewery.

Good Advice.

We know a young lady who is as pretty as Cleveland's wife.—*Florida Chronicle.*

Tell it not in Gath, young man. The only two who should know it are the young lady's mother and yourself.

A Man of Sense.

Detroit Journal.

The duke of Fife, Princess Louise's husband, is a man of sense. He refuses to allow his wife to touch a penny of the royal grant voted her by Parliament, because he is able to support her without pretending that she is a pauper dependent on the British taxpayers. And he intends not to be snubbed as the Marquis of Lorne has been by his wife's royal relatives. If it is according to court etiquette for him to be kept outside of the royal family circle, his wife will stay out too. She is not to go where he cannot be received. At this rate, he will be the first president of the republic of Great Britain.

The People Know Their Man.

Albany Express.

The President's trip to Maine has again shown him to be a man whom the people delight to honor.

Real Pathos in This Humor.

Binghamton Republican.

The most unfair thing that happens to women is that engagements are so short and marriages so long.

Where We Made Our Mistake.

Louisville Commercial.

If the cry of "54 40 or fight" had been adhered to 40 years ago we would not have been troubled by Canada's poaching now. We gave up our right then in a spirit of truckling to Great Britain and secured ourselves a prospect of endless trouble by doing so. It is the wise policy of our government to maintain every inch of its right now, and it is the patriotic duty of every citizen to support the government in that position.

Which Is Which?

If I had my way with men like the Carnegies, that preyed upon the land, and sucked people's blood like leeches, I would hang them. They are public enemies; worse than the Tories were during the revolution.—*Sen. Voorhees, at Bloomfield, Ind.*

The people must rise. They will rise, and they will storm and capture these bastiles, and they will bear on the heads of these devils—those capitalists—on the tops of pikestaffs.—*Mrs Lucy Parsons at Chicago.*

A HINDU GIRL'S DAY.

The School Composition of a Little Worshipper of Juggernaut.

The following document has been translated by the London *Queen* into English from the vernacular Indian dialect in which it was written by a young girl of about 16. At the examination of a girl's school in the Deccan by the local committee of managers, the pupils were requested to write the story of their daily life and avocations. The exercises which they produced were very similar in many points, but this was one of the best:

"After getting leave from school on Saturday I went home and put away my slate and books. I next took off my school dress and having put on other clothes, I attended to household work. When evening came I lit the light in the house, and taking my beads I went to worship our god Jugonath. Having prostrated myself before our great lord Jugonath, I went into the house, and taking my book sat down to read. When the night was somewhat advanced I put away my book. Then having taken my food and washed my face and hands, I spread my bed on the ground and sat down. Then I gave praise to the great Father and Supreme Lord, and went to sleep. In the early morning I got up, and, having performed my household duties, I took my book and sat down to read. When the sun was well up I anointed myself with oil and went out to bathe. Then I came home and changed my wet clothes and put them in the sun to dry. Then, having made my reverence to our household spiritual teacher, I made my prostrations to the sun, and, having received spiritual comfort, returned to the house. I then took food, and, having washed my face and hands, I ate some betel nuts and sat down to write. When the day was spent I returned to my household work and again worshipped the god Jugonath. Now I come again to school, and if there are any faults or mistakes in this exercise I hope they will be forgiven.

Language of the World.

While the lingual cranks are getting ready to impose a new tongue on the globe, commerce, invention, and other results of brain and brawn are rapidly forestalling the superserviceable enterprise of the cranks. The English language is now the world's language in a sense and to an extent that can be truthfully affirmed of no other tongue. English is not only the tongue of Great Britain, Canada and the United States, but you hear English plentifully in Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus, in the British provinces of East and West India, Australia and South Africa; that is, in large parts of five continents. On the continent of Europe, English is as necessary as French in the schools. English is the language of commerce, and that means that eventually it is likely to forestall Volapuk.

The Small Boy Tearer.

The school boy thinks that a switch in the hand would be twice as good in the bush.—*Life.*

When the small boy gets a new pair of shoes there is something new under the son.—*Boston Courier.*

The bad small boy, when his mother calls, is like the echo. He answers, but he doesn't come.—*Somerville Journal.*

About this time of year the family woodpile becomes so distasteful to the small boy that he thinks seriously of shipping as a pirate—preferring the sea to the saw.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Temptation Solicited.

Munsey's Weekly.

Willie (who has eaten his apple)—Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam.

Mabel—All right. Well?

Willie—Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll succumb.

Publishers' Column.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each.* When framed they are fine enough for anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. (Will be ready soon.)

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare, No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1889, bespoken before it went to press, and added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

JAMES MEANS & CO'S BOOTS AND SHOES!

The best testimonial we ever had.—"James Means & Co. are the bears of the boot and shoe market. They have revolut

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

A CHATTY LETTER,

Which Tells of a Summer Visitor at Chautauqua.

One of the most remarkable visitors Chautauqua has ever entertained is spending her first season at that celebrated intellectual resort.

Her dress is very plain. She wears no diamonds or jewels of any kind. Her appearance is by no means striking, nevertheless, in some respects she has no peer on the Chautauqua platform, nor has that platform ever boasted of such a speaker. Her history has had in it to a singular degree the struggle and triumph of a gifted nature. Her genius is altogether unique, for, without exception, she is the most marvelous mimic of the human voice, the most accurate reproducer of thought once committed to her keeping in the world. Neither Prof. Loisette, the famous teacher of memory, nor Prof. White, who at present is conducting large memory classes at Chautauqua, would dare to say, "Give me a thought in your own words, and ten years hence I will give you that thought in your tone, your accent, even the little laugh with which you finished your sentence. Or if you will kindly favor me with a piano selection or a stirring air from the cornet *now*, in the future I will give you back the melody as I hear it this hour, but without visible instrument."

Madame P. dares to say this and it is absolutely true.

NOT INVITED.

Rather oddly, this gifted lady has never been invited to take a seat on the Chautauqua platform, nor have the lilies ever blossomed for her in the great amphitheater. If the truth must be told, so far as any public recognition by the assembly authorities is concerned, she has been decidedly snubbed. The "Walks and Talks" reporter has not interviewed her, though her story is a thrilling one, and the throngs of people who empty out of the amphitheater at certain hours and stream away to the hall of philosophy, or the college of liberal arts, or home, never ask the question, Where are Madame P's. headquarters? When can we see her?

Madame P. holds the position of private secretary to Mr. George E. Vincent and she is always to be found in the tasteful little room just back of the Ampi theater, where her work is done. Certainly that work can not be hard under the supervision of one so kindly, courteous, so unaffected as Mr. Vincent, and the view which unfolds before Madame P.'s eye is more than passing fair, from the wooded ravine with its leaves lightly, airily, rising and falling in the sunshine as if they were faintly rocking under fairy feet, to the blue and sparkling waters of the lake.

Madame P. may have some aspirations beyond her daily routine; may feel a little wounded because the other Chautauqua stars do not shed their light over their sister's pathway; may, since she is feminine feel a trifle tired over the hundreds of sentences poured into her ear but intended for people whom she has never seen and does not care to see; may want to hear other voices than the one rich, full voice which talks to her in the morning hours.

Madame P. must be satisfied with her destiny since she is not a human being, only a talking machine whose full name is the phonograph.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

The phonograph in looks is first cousin to the sewing machine, or rather it would be to a sewing machine minus its needle, belt and wheels. Its most prominent features are a cylinder crossing the machine, and a very large pair of spectacles made of steel instead of glass.

You question why a talking machine not out of its teens should need a pair of spectacles unless they are to give it an air of wisdom, but the query is very soon answered.

Mr. Vincent takes from the group beside him an innocent looking cap of wax and slips it upon the cylinder, at the same moment dropping upon the wax cap the spectacles, whose real purpose is to talk to you, not look at you.

Under one of the steel lenses is a delicate little knife, which cuts the vibrations of the voice into the wax, the other one traces these as the spectacles move onward. A good phonograph is like Prof. McClintock, of the Chautauqua University, a master of the art of clear-cut words, and like that professor gives its preference to those who use that kind of English.

Now you are handed a long flexible tube, which branches into two divisions in the center.

It brings back painful recollections of an hour, when a long flexible rubber was playing a certain monotonous ssssss in the treacherous cavity of a crumbling tooth.

The phonograph's life and the dentist's tube are, however, very different affairs, and Mr. Vincent is, like Brutus, only asking you to lend the phonograph your ears.

Accordingly you drop the ends of tube into your ears and wait for what is to follow. It comes in a whirr of uncanny sounds hopelessly mixed as if the pixies had left their leafy platform in the ravine and were all dancing and singing together in your ear.

Presently the many sounds melt into one voice. The phonograph is talking loudly and clearly. It is introducing a speaker to the audience and with a mocking tone it informs its hearers that to the lady found in her seat at the close of the entertainment a souvenir will be given.

CHANGING ITS MOOD.

Its mood changes. It reads dialect, climbs the stair with an unfortunate little boy, puts him in his bed, and, with words of pathos, implores you to "River him up, kiver him up!" Then it laughs a rollicking laugh, a, ha, ha, which is exceedingly human, and yet very startling, since it comes from no visible lips. The laugh swells into the clear ringing notes of a cornet solo, and as you listen you wonder a little what this mocking mimic would say to you if you were to speak in its ear.

Dropping the tube from your ears, you express the fancy to Mr. Vincent, who, after adjusting a different tube to the instrument, courteously asks you to talk to the phonograph. You apply your lips to the mouth of the tube and try to tell the phonograph something which has impressed you, and you try to do this as loudly and distinctly as possible, for the instrument is quite deaf.

Then you retire some distance, while a large, flaring brass horn is substituted for the tube. Presently from the lips of this horn come in distinct metallic tones, startlingly like, yet most unflatteringly unlike the voice you supposed you owned, the sentences you have just spoken in the hearing of the phonograph.

It is a good place to learn humility, to realize a great gulf between what you think you know about the management of your own voice and what you really do know. The lesson may be a little bitter, but it is altogether salutary

Mr. Vincent puts up the tubes and horn, slips the case over the machine and at the same time puts the wax cap of phonograph into a nutshell. "It will do for an amusement or a secretary, but it will never arouse a nation."

There is not the slightest danger of the phonograph pushing the orator or reader from the platform. It is simply a mimic. It is powerless to persuade a human heart, or to turn the course of a single life. It has no windows for the human soul, it says the most pathetic things in a metalic wave and no tear will ever be a tribute to its eloquence. It could give to us the voices which now mingle "in the choirs of heaven," but it would be mockery to hear them from the phonograph.

It is Undine without her soul, but unlike Undine it never will have a soul.

LYDIA STRAWN.

Chautauqua, Aug. 12, 1889.

WHAT *are* memory hoops? asks a bright-eyed girl with an anxious gleam of the eye as she puts the question. To satisfy her, and possibly other pretty maidens I will explain. It is a burnished metal circle about ten inches in diameter, which each fair lady has in some prominent place, upon which is knotted lengths of bright colored ribbon presented by her admirers. The number of these denotes the popularity of the maiden. For the benefit of anxious ones of the masculine sex who may desire to thus distinguish the object of his admiration, it may be stated that the favorite length of these knots of ribbon is a half yard and width an inch, though the matter is left open for the fancy to dictate.

A FAD among the beaux of society is what they name "Friendship's Cane," and a unique affair it is. Here, too, the ribbon plays a prominent part, for the cane is wound with short lengths of bright ribbons presented by the fair friends of the owner. The colors are the favorite ones of the donors, so that their presence will recall the happy hours passed together. The cane is not, of course, to be carried but hung in some part of the gentleman's room, where his eyes may rest upon it often. Certainly with the "Lover's Ring" first described, and "Friendship's Cane," the beaux and belles of society ought to be able to keep a record of their conquests.—ED.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

ANY descriptions of home-made articles of furniture such as any woman can, with a little help from her husband, manufacture, will be very welcome to THE HOUSEHOLD. Do not hesitate to send them, especially if they can be economically, as well as prettily made.

These suggestions are great helps to the housekeepers who live away from cities, and yet like to make their homes look bright and attractive.

FRAMES FOR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—A wide, smooth pine frame, the width to be determined by individual taste, may be decorated in the following manner: First paint it pure white; then when this coat is dry paint it with emerald green. Use a blender No. 2 to smooth each coat of paint. A little drying oil may be used in the paint to make it smooth. It should be laid on rather heavy. When perfectly dry, a running vine of daisies and wild roses may be sketched from the middle of the left hand side of frame up over the corner. Give this one coat of white and then when dry retouch in the following shades: Rose madder and white for the petals of the roses, chrome green and lemon yellow for stems and leaves, white for daisy petals. For centers of roses use a fine brush and lemon yellow to make the stamens. Use chrome yellow for the centers of the daisies. Designs for these frames may be varied. Grasses and ferns are pretty on the corners. Pink pea blossoms in detached sprays are very pretty. Fern sprays are pretty on a delicate blue or brown blue ground.

A frame is also pretty sprinkled with coarse diamond dust while the body color is yet wet.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

IVORY MINIATURE OR CAMEO PAINTING.—This is an old art revived lately, and consists of painting photographs mounted upon glass. It requires no previous knowledge of art, only care and nicety of touch. Where one cannot obtain convex glasses, they can use thin window glass, but it does not look as well. The glasses can be had in all sizes. Place the photo you wish to paint in a flat dish of boiling water. It will very soon float off, but if it does not, do not try to peel it off, but let it soak. Press dry between old linen rags. Next make a paste by dissolving two teaspoonfuls of corn starch in a very little cold water. Then pour boiling water over it, stirring all the time, until it is quite thick. Spread the paste over the face of the picture, and lay it upon the concave side of the glass. Put a thin cloth over it, and gently press out all the air bubbles and extra paste. Do not try to work fast, for unless all the bubbles are out the pictures will spot in time. It is necessary to make the picture perfectly transparent. This can be done by rubbing it with castor oil, or a mixture of two parts fir balsam, two parts poppy oil, and one part turpentine, well mixed. Some pictures will become transparent in an hour, others require several days.

When it is perfectly transparent, with no spots, wipe off the oil with a bit of chamois skin. Now go over it with a preservative, composed of two parts fir balsam and one part turpentine. It is now ready to paint. Paint the eyes. Paint pupils black, and the rest water color; great care must be exercised in this. Paint blue eyes with blue and white mixed; grey eyes with blue, white and black; brown eyes, vandyke brown. Paint around the iris with white and Naples yellow. Paint jewelry next, using Naples and chrome yellow, shaded with burnt sienna or yellow ochre alone can be used. For pearls use silver white. Paint hair, whiskers and eyebrows next, using the paint very thin.

Now gum narrow strips of thin card to the glass, and put a second glass back of the first, fasten together at the edges with narrow strips of gummed paper or court-plaster. Paint lips with madder lake and white mixed, by putting a little round spot in the center and carefully blending outward. Paint cheeks with the same, also top, middle and lower parts of the ear. Paint the white of the eyes with blue and white put on thick. If you wish to make the eye a deeper blue, paint a little round spot just over colored part of the eye with blue.

Paint the complexion with Naples yellow, white and madder lake mixed, making the upper part of the face nearly white. For dark complexions add a little burnt umber. Paint hair darker than upon the first glass, using black and burnt umber for black hair, with a little white. For brown use Vandyke brown and Naples yellow. For blonde or golden use Naples yellow ochre and burnt sienna. For silver hair use white, blue, Naples yellow and black. Care and judgment must be used in mixing the colors. Draping is to be painted any desired color. Back up the picture with thin white card, and bind the edges as before. Frame in plush frames. Any photographer will make an enlarged, unmounted print from any photograph, for a trifling cost, and one can make a much more satisfactory picture than the cheap enlargements so freely advertised.—MONTANA MAY.

DRIED GRASSES.—Dried grasses may be made beautiful by dipping them in analine dyes of various colors. The frost-touched goldenrod may have its pristine color restored and the rush grass may have great beauty by being dipped in blue, green, crimson and many other colored solutions of these brilliant dyes. The bobs of the sumach will have its hues deepened and set by being immersed in a bath of copperas water.

A PRETTY TIDY.—Take butcher's linen, length and width desired, (mine is ⅓ by 3 feet). Begin 6 ins. from bottom, make a row of drawn work ⅛ in. wide. Then about ⅓ in. from that (toward other end) make a row ⅛ in. wide; then ⅓ in. from that make a row ⅛ in. wide; then ⅝ in. farther make a row 1 in. wide; then ⅝ in. farther make a row ⅛ in. wide; then ⅓ in. farther make a row ⅛ in. wide; then ⅓ in. farther make a row ⅛ in. wide. Make the other end the same. Make a "knot fringe" on each end, tie with a ribbon (width desired) in the center of tidy, and throw over one corner of a chair. Will some of the sisters send some patterns of cross-stitch work to THE HOUSEHOLD?—FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 o—k 2 and throw yarn; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

PRETTY VINE LACE.—Cast on 27 sts—k across plain. 1st row—k 3—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—k 4—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—n—o—k 1—p 1. 2nd row—seam back. 3rd row—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—n stitches soon weans your heart from the attacker, and this once done, nothing they can say will ever join you more. Let us be careful of those "little wicked words."—MRS. B. E. H., Pittsford, Mich.

TO JOIN TOGETHER.—I have read with great interest all of Mr. Kennan's papers on The Siberian Exile system in the *Century*, and my heart has become unutterably filled with a longing to help them in some way.

And believing, "Ask and ye shall receive," I have concluded to ask all the sisters, through the dear old BLADE, to join in asking God's mercy and help for those, our down-trodden and suffering fellow beings. Dear sisters let us raise our voices in one accord at our nightly prayers.—The Father that heareth in secret shall reward you openly." Surely the united prayers of such a host of grand America's women would not go unanswered.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell us of a good remedy for cabbage worms? The worms bother us terribly.—FLORENCE, Tullahoma, Tenn.

Will some one kindly tell me if I can make cheese from the milk of only one cow? I get 13 or 14 quarts of very rich milk daily, and should be glad to make a little cheese, if possible. Please give exact directions, and tell me what a "follower" used in cheese-making is. To the one answering this I will send some lovely white poppy seeds, if address is given.—SUB., Riddles, Ore.

The Arlington Helping Hand, consisting of seven girls, would like the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD to send pieces of silk. They are making a crazy quilt for the bazar which they are to hold this fall for the benefit of those who were burned out this spring. All postage paid and pieces thankfully received. Address, LIZZIE HEATH, Sec., Arlington, Dak.

Will some of the girl readers of THE BLADE please send me pieces of silk, satin or plush with their names, ages and addresses worked on them in any stitch desired. I want to make me a BLADE crazy quilt. Will be glad to return the favor in some way.—MOLLIE E. SQUIRE, Buffalo, Dallas Co., Mo.

Will some one of the readers of THE BLADE tell me how to make a durable hanging case for sheet music? I wish also to know how to take red ink out of white goods.—LILIAN M. CHASE, Verdon, Neb.

Where can I obtain the tube paints and how much will they cost? Where can I obtain a book by the name, "The Road to Heaven?" I wish it direct from the publishers.—BERTIE KIME, Liberty, Randolph Co., N. C.

I have not noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD directions for ribbon embroidery. Would any of the ladies wish, I will send them.

Do the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD know of the value of a vial of diluted carbolic acid in their bed rooms? Added to the bath, it removes all odor of perspiration; a few drops in the slop jar, and in the sick room is invaluable as a disinfectant.

If any of THE BLADE readers know a good opening for an experienced teacher of instrumental music and voice culture, who wishes to try a change of climate, I would be glad to correspond with them.—Address H. C. T., 1113 Mass street, Sedalia, Mo.

Will some of the readers tell me where to get the address of the lady who offered to send the native cactus? Will be glad to pay her for it if I can only procure some.—Y. L. M.

Will "Montana May" please tell me how much white wine vinegar the cupful of wheat bran must be soaked in for whitening hands, and what weakened with when used for the face.—VIRGINIA PANSY.

Can any one tell me of a school that helps worthy girls to an education? Where could I attend school for the least money? Kind readers let me hear from you through the columns of THE BLADE.—BEGGAR STUDENT.

Will Mary Hallock please send her address to me and oblige a BLADE reader?—CHARLES B. HALLOCK, Havensville, Kansas.

I would like to correspond with the lady in Oregon who would give a home to an elderly person or invalid.—JENNIE COPERNOLL, Boone, Iowa.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Perplexed," follow out your own womanly intinct, which tell you that this promiscuous caressing from young men is wrong, no matter what the customs of the neighborhood are. You can do a great deal of good without any preaching other than by example. Be pleasant and merry, joining freely in the social enjoyments of the place, only quietly repel all such personal familiarities as those you mention. By a little tact you can manage this without giving offense. Certainly you should be firm about that part of it relating to the going home from parties. Do not be afraid. Even if you are called prudish at first, they will come to respect you, especially if you do not attempt to read any lecture, but simply assert your own right to a freedom in this matter. You who have been better taught than the girls you are now thrown with, have a chance to influence them more than you can imagine possible.

You would certainly also do well to refuse to sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning. Nowhere in good society would this be considered proper for a young unmarried lady.

"Social Etiquette" would help you upon all matters pertaining to society.—ED.

In reply to the question asking about an entertainment called the "Oxford Drill," I think by sending to the Entertainment Bureau, J. E. Harkness, manager, Council Bluffs, Iowa, you will get the desired information.—MRS. J. NEAL, reader of THE BLADE.

In answer to Joe G. Hays's question as to what will exterminate red ants, I will send a suggestion that has been brought to my notice, but I have never had occasion to try it:

Keep a small bag of sulphur in the apartment, whether closet or chest, that is infected with red ants and they will quickly disappear.—E. B. C., Rochester, Minn.

In answer to D. M. Maser, who inquires how to remove black ink from white goods: Soak the ink spots in sweet milk and then rub with the hands until the spots are gone. I have just removed it from a dress in which there was black ink all over the front.—MRS L. C. MATTHEWS, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Kansas Sub., August 1, in Toledo BLADE, for what are you going to Oregon for the benefit of bronchial troubles, when you have the best spot on earth in Kansas, for bronchitis and weak lungs. Go about 10 to 12 miles southeast of Manhattan, in the hills, and if you find no benefit of your trouble in 6 or 8 weeks then I will pay your board bill. There was a government tower erected last year, where on a clear day with a spy-glass, six government towns are visible; so you may guess there is pure air and pure water. You can hire a livery team in Manhattan for $2 50 to take you out there. You can get board pretty reasonable or if you wish to camp out you can do so.—WM. BLASING, Manhattan, Kas.

Mark your window sills and threshholds with chalk and you will be troubled with red ants no more.

In answer to Joe S. Hay's question, how to get rid of small red ants, if they will catch a few large black ants and put into the cellar and pantry. I think the red will soon disappear. I have known several cases where they were very bad and this has proved successful.—GRACE T. HOOD, Republic, Mo.

R. B. There are medical colleges which will admit women in Toledo, Columbus, Cleveland and Cincinnati. The time required to complete the course is from two to three years. The school of Pharmacy in Cincinnati, we understand, admits women. We do not know anything about the chances of procuring a position in that business, but see no reason for supposing you could not, if you learn it thoroughly.

MRS. L., Lancaster, Pa. The new book of "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which will be ready the first of October, will contain what you want in the way of descriptions of bureau sets. Some new ones will probably be given in THE HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Tell the lady who wanted to know how to keep butter from sticking to the churn to scald the well.—A NEW COMER.

RECIPES.

TO MAKE SANDWICHES FOR PICNICS IN THE FORM OF TEA ROLLS.—Scald a pint of milk, add 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half of a yeast cake previously dissolved in warm water, and flour enough to make a batter. Let it rise over night. In the morning add ½ cupful of shortening, ½ teaspoonful of salt, and the whites of 2 eggs well beaten. Mix stiff, knead well and let rise. When light knead again and roll three-fourths of an inch in thickness. Cut out with a biscuit-cutter and butter one-half of the circle, then roll the other over it. Let rise until very light and bake.

Take a ham and weigh it. Cover with a paste made of flour and cold water. Bake three hours, then bake one-quarter of an hour for every pound the ham weighs, then take it out of the oven and you can take the rind off with the baked paste and all the juice is in the ham. Split the rolls and butter and lay a slice of ham in every roll, and if you don't pronounce them splendid I will send you another recipe. I warm the sponge for the rolls in the morning by placing it in a pan of warm water.—A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

ASTOR HOUSE ROLLS.—Two quarts of sifted flour, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 pint of warm milk with 1 tablespoonful of butter, 2 gills of yeast; mix with a little of the flour, cover and let stand until light; mix in the rest of the flour, and knead 15 minutes; then let stand until light again; roll out ½ inch thick, cut out with large biscuit cutter, place a small piece of butter on each one, double one side on to the other, place in pans, let stand until light, bake about 20 minutes.

FRIED BREAD.—Cut the crust from slices of stale bread; dip each in a thin batter made of 1 cupful of milk, 2 eggs and 1 heaping tablespoonful of flour, salted slightly and fry in lard to a yellow brown. Serve hot.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Scrape and leave in cold water for an hour, then cook half an hour in hot salted water, wipe, slice lengthwise, dip in melted butter, then in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry in boiling dripping. Drain free of fat and dish.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LUMBERPORT, W. VA.
Lamar C Oyster.

Names this week, 1. Total 27,372.

The above embraces all names received up to August 16.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

There is always such a thing in this world as becoming weary of well-doing, but so far there has been small evidence that THE BLADE young folks have ceased their efforts in the cause of Temperance. Now, however, in mid summer, when, naturally, the energies are less active than at other times, let them make an extra exertion to be up and doing. Let each member of the Legion—and a great army of noble workers it has come to be—determine to persuade at least one boy or girl to sign the pledge at the head of this column, immediately, so shall the army increase as did the legions of the North, when the integrity of the Union was threatened.

Boys and girls, who will help to keep the ball rolling?

For THE BLADE.

THE LITTLE MAPLE TREE.

BY H. E. B.

A maple tree stood by the school yard gate,
A beautiful maple tree!
It bowed to the children early and late,
And grew at a most astonishing rate,
Nor seemed it ever to care for a mate,
Pretty young maple tree!

Though the maple tree was by nature tough,
Oh, tough little maple tree!
It found the lads a little too rough;
For, though it sighed, as it thought, enough,
They would peel its bark to make into snuff,
Poor little maple tree!

When spring returned, the leaves became green,
Oh, green little maple tree!
Never a prettier tree was seen,
'Twas the lads-and-sod goal, where they counted fifteen
While hugging its friendly trunk, so lean,
Lean little maple tree!

Then the kindly leaves threw a lovely shade,
Oh, shady maple tree!
Over the playhouse the little girls made,
Which came to grief by a smalls boys' brigade,
For to the tree's sighing no heed they paid,
Oh, sad little maple tree!

One evening assembled the lads of the schools
Under the maple tree!
They met to make some gymnastic rules;
"The best bar to be had without any tools,
Is this limb, and here are no muddy pools,"
Said the boys by the maple tree.

Then all were delighted with this little whim,
So on a branch of the maple tree,
They first all practiced themselves to chin,
Then they learned the rabbit to skin,
Till by hard usage the tree grew thin,
Oh, thin little maple tree.

One night as the sun went down in the west,
Away from the maple tree,
The trunk and branches longed for rest,
And desired to be among the blest,
Where toil and hardship is ne'er a guest,
Oh, sweet drooping maple tree!

And sweet peace came to the tree in its sleep,
Oh, sleeping maple tree!
And when it waked it first had a peep
Into after life, so rich and deep,
Where the golden reward of life we reap,
The fruits of our victory.

NORMA.

BY EMILY CARTER.

IN a small village, where there were few houses and a great many trees, and where there was no railroad station within five miles, lived little Laura Upton on a large farm with her parents. Her father was a good man but had hurt himself in trying to stop a runaway horse; and so, not being able to earn money, he became poor.

But there was one good result from his accident. Having to stay in the house for many months, he had a chance to give Alice the instruction she needed, for there was no school near, to which she could go. He taught her to read, write and cipher; and she showed a great fondness for good books.

Mr. Upton had two nice cows, and his wife made butter, which she sold to a man who stopped at the door for it every Wednesday. One of the cows had a calf, which she named Norma, and petted, so that it grew quite fond of her. A very pretty calf it was. It had a red skin spotted with white, and a well formed head.

But the family became so poor that Mr. Upton, when the butcher offered him five dollars for the calf, had to make up his mind to sell it. This was a sad blow to Alice. She did not

NORMA.

show her grief before her father, lest it should distress him; but she ran out under a great tree by the roadside, where she thought no one could see her, and, seating herself on a stone, put her apron to her eyes and wept.

There was a bend in the road, and, before she was aware of his coming, Mr. Murray, a young man from New York, who was on horseback, stopped, and said, "What is the matter, little girl?" "Oh, sir, we have had to sell our calf Norma to the butcher." "What did you sell it for?" "Because we are poor." "What price did it bring, twenty dollars?" "Oh, dear, no, sir! only five." "I'll buy it back for you." "Thank you, sir, but the butcher has carried it off." "Which way did he go?" "Straight on, sir, to the red house, a mile further."

Without another word, Mr. Murray touched his horse lightly with his whip, and off he went at a gallop. Not dreaming that he was serious in what he said, Alice ran into the house, and began to help her mother shell beans. In less than an hour, who should ride up to the door but Mr. Murray, walking his horse, and leading Norma by a rope!

"Now, little girl," said he, "this is my calf, and I want you to keep it for me three years. Ask your father how much it will—— but no matter, I'll guess the cost, and send him the money every quarter. "What's his name?" "Arthur Upton, sir." "I rely upon you, Alice, to see that my calf is well taken care of. So good by." And throwing the little girl a kiss, he galloped off again.

The young man paid about three times as much as the keeping of the calf actually cost, and it was a great help to Mr. Upton, who soon got so well over his hurt, that he could go to work as usual. Alice grew, and Norma grew, and three happy years passed swiftly by. At last, one fine morning in August, there was a sound of hoofs at the door, and who should appear but Mr. Murray on his fine horse. "Where's my cow, Norma?" said he. "I'll take you to her," said Alice.

So Mr. Murray tied his horse to a post, and went with Alice a few steps down the lane, and there stood Norma, a fine large cow. The picture of her which we give you is from a drawing which the young man made on the spot.

Said he to Alice, "The cow is yours, on one condition." "What is that, sir?" "That I may come and look at it whenever I please." Mr. Murray used to come very often indeed to look at the cow, and he usually chose for his visit the time when Alice was milking her, and what a nice thing come about afterwards I will not tell now.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HAPPY REUNION.

BY MARIA BARRETT BUTLER.

Harry Blake, the young naturalist, is at home once more, as much of a cripple as ever.

After years of anxious expectation and repeated disappointments, finding that American surgery could do nothing for him, his parents had taken him to Germany, where his case was pronounced incurable; after which they had traveled wherever and whenever he wished, remaining abroad two years.

Now, his old friends, Tom and Stella, Frank and Fanny, are making their first visit to himself and sister Grace since their return. His handsome, intelligent face has lost none of its charming expression, while a new life and confidence in tone and words, show how much good he has derived mentally from his new and varied experience.

"We tried to keep pace with you in your travels," says Tom, "by tracing out on our maps your different journeys, as reported in Grace's letters to the girls. We also read up every place at which you stopped, as fully as we could from books at hand."

"Yes," adds Fanny, "we used to say to each other, 'Harry is at Munich now,' or 'Harry is at Cologne,' and then hunt up the different points of interest at each place that you'd be likely to visit; and really added much to our stock of knowledge, without having planned to do that."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Harry, "that you kept me in mind so faithfully," and the old flush of feeling overspread his face, as he continued: "I am delighted—yes, and flattered, to know that you followed me in thought, like that. Now, when I speak of where I've been, and of what I've seen, you'll know just what I'm talking about. This proof of your interest entitles me to ask that memories of the past connected with you made me glad to return here. You four were the very first ones to enter into my home life and make me feel that I could inspire any interest in those of my own age.

"For this reason, no later acquaintance can ever take your places. I can never forget how happy you made me. Then, too, your interest in my aquaria was a delightful surprise, and made me attach a new value to them. You, who have the use of your limbs, to go and come as you please, cannot realize how much your friendship was to me then."

"Shall you start up your aquaria again?" inquires Frank.

"Yes, indeed; I cannot do without them. In fact, I believe that every one confined mostly to in-door life should have the benefit of such an arrangement. Father thinks that an aquarium should be one of the agencies for educating every family of children, beginning in the nursery. He remembers when there was a mania in England for aquaria, both public and private, which spread over the civilized world. He says the study of nature should never be neglected by freaks nor fashion; but that all should learn for themselves the beautiful system by which the animal and vegitable kingdoms sustain each other under water, while studying, as they should do, the habits of each."

"I suppose," suggests Stella, "that naturalists have always known of this provision of nature for aquatic animals deprived of the atmosphere."

"Yes, they have not. No longer ago than 1841, Mr. Ward, of London, made the discovery, and established a fresh-water aquarium on that principle. Within a short time several others learned the secret for themselves by experimenting, and the new knowledge was such a charming surprise that aquaria became the fashion of the times. There was much difficulty at first in securing the growth of marine plants in a tank, as they will not bear transplanting. But it was soon learned that stones and bits of rock removed from salt water will stock a tank with plants from the germs clinging to them.

"Before this period, naturalists had pursued marine studies under great difficulties, having to keep constant supplies of sea water for renewing that in their tanks, which had to be sent for a transportation. Despite all difficulties, however, a sea anemone is mentioned, on good authority, as having been kept alive and well in a tank from 1823 to 1873, by Sir John G. Dalyell, of Edinburgh.

"It was after the publication of a formula for making artificial sea water that the popular craze for private marine aquaria reached its height in England. You all remember that by means of it I was enabled to have one myself. I fear, however, that my formula was lost or mislaid, for I fail to find it since my return."

Hereupon Tom snatches out his pocket-book, with the remark;

"I have a copy of it that you gave me, right here, and will leave you a duplicate now. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' don't you see?"

"I, too, will secure a copy for ourselves, lest a former one we once had may have disappeared. Here it is:

Common table salt, 3½ ounces, or 81 parts.

Epsom salts, ¼ ounce, or 7 parts.

Chloride of magnesium, 200 grains (Troy), or 10 parts.

Chloride of potassium, 40 grains (Troy), or 2 parts.

Now that the copying is ended, Harry exclaims:

"I'll hear the rest of your talk now, if you please. Tell me all the home news."

"We kept Grace posted up in our letters," says Fanny, "and have none. But we want to hear all about your foreign experiences, so please talk on."

"We probably know," adds Stella, "just where you've been, thanks to Grace, and now we want to know what you've seen."

"Well, lead off, then, by asking questions," responds Harry.

"I'll ask one," says Tom. "What astonished you more than all else, beyond the big pond?"

"The beggars."

After a moment of surprised laughter, Harry explains:

"I could not understand how so many human beings, with the free use of all their limbs, as most of the beggars have, could degrade their lives in the way they do."

"O, yes, I see," says Tom, "from your standpoint it would seem astonishing."

"Now then," says Frank, "I'll ask a question. What *interested* you more than all else?"

"The great aquarium at Brighton, England."

"We might have known that," was quickly responded.

"We visited the one in Hamburg first, because it was nearer, and I could not wait to see what was farther off. Besides, I felt an interest in learning just how the experienced Mr. Alfred Lloyd, of the Sydenham Crystal Palace Aquarium, had arranged everything. But they are not nearly so extensive as that at Brighton, therefore less interesting."

"Tell us all about it, please," the two girls plead, as they drew their chairs nearer to Harry, regardless of the disapproving frowns of their brothers.

"I cannot tell you all about it," he says, "but can give you its size, also some idea of its arrangement by describing one part of it. The building is seven hundred and fifteen feet long, and one hundred feet wide. Entering it on the side toward the sea, you first passed into an open court, thence into an entrance hall and reading room combined. Adjoining this is a restaurant for refreshments. Passing on through the corridors, you find the tanks mostly ranged in rows on either side. Occasionally you see a larger, central tank for very large fish; and again you notice a very small one on a table. The largest tank holds one hundred and ten thousand gallons of water. It has a plate glass front one hundred and thirty feet long, through which visitors can study the habits of its mammoth occupants.

"After passing half the length of the building you come to a conservatory with a large rockery adjoining, covered with plants; then to a fernery, and near it a cascade, also to ponds for seals, enclosed with rockwork, and to a grotto."

"Well, Harry Blake," exclaims Fanny, "you nearly take my breath with that description—seven hundred and fifteen feet long!—what an im——"

"Regular stunner!" puffs Tom. "How much time did you spend there, any way?"

"Don't know. Went almost every day while we remained in the city."

"You see," explains Grace, "we staid in Brighton nearly a month to gratify his desire in that direction. If we wished to go anywhere we could leave him in the aquarium in his wheel-chair, perfectly happy, receiving the most flattering attentions from officials and visiting students."

"I can tell you, boys, that place was paradise to me—nothing short of it. It was there I resolved to take up the study of certain marine animals whose regular *habitat* is not entirely settled. Father is going to secure me anything I wish, through agents he has engaged. So, you see, I have something to live for now—an object in life. When once well started with my investigations I shall be in regular correspondence with an English naturalist, whose acquaintance I made in that aquarium."

Hereupon Harry receives the most hearty congratulations from his young friends, who are made quite happy with the knowledge of this bright outlook for him in his restricted life.)

"I must tell you," resumes Harry, "how the water is kept aerated and pure in those tanks, for it is rarely changed. It is regularly charged with air bubbles throughout, by pumping air into it through large tubes. And the impurities are absorbed by large bi-valve molluscs introduced for that purpose."

"Hold on," says Frank. "What are bi-valve molluscs?"

"That's right; ask questions. A mollusc is a soft, flabby animal without distinct organs, as the oyster, for instance. Bi-valve refers, as you know, to the shell, the single-shell mollusc being called univalve."

"Ah, yes, I see. Then our fresh water clam is a bi-valve, and our snails are univalves."

"Of course," resumes Harry, "many aquatic plants are used for absorbing the carbonic gas, you understand, that is thrown off by the fish. For this purpose sea lettuce, ulva latissima, is much used, because of their liking it as food.

"All the tanks are supplied with artificial rockwork, so arranged as to afford shelter for the fish as well as for the crustaceans, which makes a pleasing variety."

"See here," interposes Frank again, "a fellow don't like to expose his ignorance; but what in the mischief is 'crustaceans?'"

"They are creatures having a crust-like covering, neither shell or skin, like crabs, lobsters and shrimps."

"Aha, then our river crawfish must be a crustacean, Ahem, how learned I shall be."

At this stage of the conversation refreshments were served to the company, which somewhat broke up the thread of discourse; but presently Harry remembered his resolve to ask his friends to donate something toward the makeup of his fresh-water aquarium. This developed the fact that a fishing excursion had been planned by Frank and Tom during the next visit of a cousin of each of the boys. Also, that the proposed camping ground was twelve miles away—that it was near an extensive marsh prolific of water plants and jumpers and squirmers of all kinds, and best of all that their shelter in case of storm would be a vacant house, nice and new, but *haunted*, and deserted on that account.

Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Blake were prevailed upon to consent that Harry—supreme delight—should accompany them, under the special care of his faithful attendant, Scipio, who would also serve as steward and cook for all.

With all this in prospect, we must surely meet our friends once more, at least.—*Vicks' Illustrated Monthly Magazine.*

The Sunday School

David and Goliath.

LESSON IX, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1889.

Golden Text: If God be with us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8: 31.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Sam. 17: 32-51.)

32. And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

33. And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

34. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock:

35. And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.

36. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God.

37. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord will be with thee.

38. And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

39. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.

40. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

41. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.

42. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE ON "THE SWIMMER."

"He Shall Spread Forth His Hands in the Midst of Them, as He That Swimmeth Spreadeth Forth His Hands to Swim," the Words of His Text.

SEATTLE, W. T., Aug. 18.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached here to-day. His text was Isaiah xxv, 11: "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The preacher said:

At this season of the year multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas. At first putting out cautiously from the shore, but having learned the right stroke of the arm and foot, they let the waters roll over them, and in wild glee dive or float or swim. So the text will be very suggestive: "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hads to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the banks of a wide river in the broiling sun, and fling out your line, and catch nothing, while the expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line, and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream, and preaching from the same texts that other people preach from. I can not understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for 30 years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that everybody has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible. You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you, "Did you see that Remorandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you didn't see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of this gallery of Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one man out of a million who has ever noticed the all suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

A Bold Figure.

The text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and to save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while summering on the beach of the sea. You step down in the wave, you throw your head back, you bring your elbows to the chest, you put the palms of your hands downward and the soles of your feet outward, and you are borne through the water as though you had been born aquatic. It is a grand thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after awhile, perhaps, have to help others. I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and the crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances he deserves to drop into the sea and have no one help him. The Royal Humane society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who defend human life from the deep. Any one who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue, and gold, and bronze; anchor, and monogram, and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But, my friends, if it is a worthy thing to save a body from the deep, I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul? And you shall see this hour the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth his hand in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hand to swim."

In a Sinking Condition.

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize, first of all, that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talk of what they consider the most beautiful works in our language. One man says it is "home," another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word "Jesus;" but I will tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness, and the pang, and the outrage, and the hardwinking, is that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin! it is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the siss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes every one of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionality, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says, our own conscience affirms. After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death, his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey. Take her away! Lady Jane Grey." It was the voice of his conscience. And no man ever does anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says, "Wrong, wrong." Sin is a leprosy, sin is a paralysis, sin is a consumption, sin is pollution, sin is death. Give it a fair chance and it will swamp you, body, mind and soul forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect is gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its very first stages; but let it get under full way and it is an all consuming typhoid. Oh if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them our teeth would chatter, and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you, and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

A Swift Swimmer Wanted.

Then what do we want? A swimmer! A strong swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes out to resue any one, he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us he shook off the sandals of heaven, and his feet were free; and he laid aside the robe of eternal royalty, and his arms were free; and then he stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came up over his wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in his side—aye, it dashed to the incerated temple, the high water mark of his anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "he stretched forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is tossed back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us, he threw his entire nature in it—all his Godhead, his omniscience, his goodness, his love, his omnipotence—head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were so far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves, and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying: "Lo! I come to do thy will," and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against him, and those who watched him from the gates of heaven feared he would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would himself perish; but, putting his breast to the foam, and shaking the surf from his locks, he came on and on, until he is now within the reach of every one here. Eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent. Mighty to save even unto the uttermost. Oh, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret. It was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara. It was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters. It was not a fragment of a God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw his grandeur, his glory, his might, his wisdom, his omnipotence and his eternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross, were not both hands nailed? On the cross, were not both feet nailed? His entire nature involved in our redemption!

The Rescuer Must be Fearless.

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if anyone is going out to rescue the drowning he must be independent, self reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one, and he cannot get a lifeboat, and if he goes out and he has not strength enough to bear himself up and bear another up, he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the torrent you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us he had no life buoy. His Father did not help him. Alone in the wine press. Alone in the pang. Alone in the darkness. Alone in the sea. O, if he saves us he shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No oar. No wing. No ladder. When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshall Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook him and fled." O, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person, independent and alone, "spreading out his hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hauds to swim."

Behold then, to-day, the spectacle of a drowning soul, and Christ the swimmer. I believe it was in 1848, when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth Fusiliers who were hanging to the bottom of a capsized boat—a boat that had been upset by the squalls from the shore. It was in the night, but one man swam mightily for the beach, guided by the dark mountains that lifted their top through the night. He came to the beach. He found a shore man who consented to go with him and save the other men, and they put out. It was some time before they could find the place where the men were, but after a while they heard their cry. "Help! help!" and they shot down to them, and they saved them, and brought them to shore. Oh, that this moment our cry might be lifted long, loud and shrill, till Christ the swimmer shall come and take us, lest we drop a thousand fathoms down.

If you have been much by the water, you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly, or it will be of no use. One minute may decide everything. Immediate help the man wants or no help at all. Now, that is just the kind of a relief we want. The case is urgent, imminent, instantaneous. See that soul sinking. Son of God, lay hold of him. Be quick! be quick! Oh, I wish you all understood now urgent this Gospel is. There was a man in the navy at sea who had been severely punished for bad behavior, and he was maddened by it, and he leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea than, quick as lightning, an albatross swooped upon him. The drowning man, brought to his senses, seized hold of the albatross and held on. The fluttering of the bird kept him on the wave until relief could come. Would that now the arrow of the convicting, converting and saving spirit might flash from the throne upon your soul, and that you, taking hold of its potent wing, might live and live forever.

Lay Hold of This Strong Swimmer.

I want to persuade you to lay hold of this strong swimmer. "No," you say, "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man the drowning man clutched him, threw his arms around him, pinioned his arms and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to meet up with his face; you want to come up by his back. You do not want him to take hold of you while you take hold of him. But, blessed be God, Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer he comes, not to our back, but to our face, and he asks us to throw around him the arms of our love, and then promises to take us to the beach, and he will do it. Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you transportation. Turn your face upon him, as the dying martyr did in olden days when he cried out, "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and he is willing to take you there. Oh, what harmless to shove him back when he has been swimming all the way from the throne of God to where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit. I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpooners went down. There is where the line of battle ships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down, a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day when the water is drawn off! But oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered. You will find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out his strong hand, "spreading forth his hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim," but they thrust him in the sore heart, and they smote his fair cheek, and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of him now. You will sink without him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread. I hear a great many in the audience saying: "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to the man: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but do'nt struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself, the more you impede me. Now be quiet and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right. I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more and that will help him; and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins and that will help him." No, my brother, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. If you cannot lift an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the kingdom of heaven. It is because they cannot consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let him achieve your salvation and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it, and will do it, if you ask him. O, fling your two arms, the arms of your trust and love, around this omnipotent swimmer of the cross.

Saved! Saved!

That is a thrilling time when some one swamped in the surf is brought ashore and being resusticated. How the people watch for the moment when he begins to breathe again, and when, at last, he takes one full inhalation, and opens his eyes upon the bystanders, a shout of joy rings up and down the beach. There is joy because a life has been saved. O, ye who have been swamped in the seas of trouble and sin! we gather around you. Would that this might be the hour when you begin to live. The Lord Jesus Christ steps down, he gets on his knee, he puts his lips to your lips, and would breathe pardon and life and heaven into your immortal soul. God grant that this hour there may be thousands of souls resuscitated. I stand on the deck of the old Gospel ship amid a crowd of passengers, all of them hoping that the last man overboard may be saved. May the living Christ this hour put out for your safety, "spreading forth his hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Back Sprained.

W. C. S., Monroeville, O.: Sprain of the back is a tedious thing to treat. You must not attempt to work your mare for at least five weeks after you begin taking measures to cure her. Begin by giving her 16 ozs. of raw linseed oil. After this take a piece of blanket, dip it in warm water, wring it out so that water will not run from it, and lay it along the small of the back. Keep the blanket damp all the time for about four days. Then take of iodine ¾ oz., glycerine 2 ozs., mercurial ointment 2 ozs, sweet oil 6 ozs. Put a little of this on along the back, wash off once a day with warm water and soap, and reapply. Keep this up for about a week. Then use unsalted lard. Give no corn. Put an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water once every other day for a week. If you can not give the animal a long rest, it will be hardly worth while to begin treatment.

Colts Knee Scratched on Barbed Wire—Did Not Heal—Lump on Knee.

A. S. P., Brazil, Indiana: The first thing for you to do will be to poultice the knee of your colt for three or four days, with linseed meal poultice. It should be kept moist. After this take a small, very small stick and wrap cotton on the end for a swab. Then take of carbolic acid, 1 drachm; water ½ pint; dip the swab in this, and wash the unhealed part to the bottom. You must get to the bottom of the wound, so that granulation will be certain. Wash out thoroughly once a day for about three days or until the wound has a healthy look. Then dip linen cloth in kerosene and wrap the leg with it. The cloth should not be too wet. If the linen has grown fast to the leg, it may be necessary to sever it from the leg with a sharp knife, which is the work of the veterinarian. After the wound has healed, rub the lump that remains with iodine ½ oz., soap liniment 3 oz.

Tangled in a Rope—Ankle Sprained.

J. F. R., Battle Creek, Michigan: For the sprained ankle, wrap with woolen cloth dipped in warm water. Keep the cloth wet for at least two days. Then mix ½ oz. gum camphor, 5 ozs. kerosene oil and ½ oz. turpentine; shake well until the camphor is dissolved and rub in over the affected parts. That part of the leg on which the skin has been rubbed off will heal readily by rubbing with vaseline. If the sprain is an unusually severe one other measures may be necessary, but we advise you first to try the above, which is cheap and effective in ordinary sprains. The animal should have a rest. It takes from 20 to 30 days for a sprain to be cured, if not a severe one, and longer when the injury is great.

Carron Oil?

J. B. F., Dauphin county, Pa.: The oil you speak of is not carrion oil, but carron oil. It is freshly made lime water, olive or raw linseed oil, equal parts. Used for burns or scalds, laved thickly upon the parts, and the whole covered with cotton wool. Shake well together until thoroughly mixed. It must be changed frequently if much matter forms. It is considered by many people unsurpassed for the use to which it is put.

Glanders.

M. D. T., Scottsburg, Oregon: Glanders appear in two forms—acute and chronic. Acute glanders first manifests itself by prolonged chills and shiverings. After this there is high fever, pulse feeble, quick breathing, poor appetite, eyes weak, watery. Lining membrane of the nostrils swollen and of dark coppery or red color, with patches of ragged ulcerations here and there from which there is a bloody watery discharge. The swollen glands of the neck break and form abscesses. The animal grows weak, the breathing restrained, the lungs inflamed, and death ensues. Chronic glanders are very similar in history to acute, but are slower and apparently milder, but no less fatal. The general health may not be affected. Discharges occur often from one nostril, usually the near one of a thin, sticky fluid of not unpleasant odor. Sometimes no odor at all. This dries and accumulates around the nasal opening. Beneath the jaw the swollen glands are felt like a hard knot. This may disappear, but will return. The membrane of the nostril will have a tawny, coppery or dull leaden hue. Usually the horse is off his feed. Coat unhealthy and has a dry, rough, Sweats easily. Discharge of gluey or starchy matter from one or both nostrils. The eye of the affected side is weak. Lining membrane of the nose studded with small, deep ulcers, and between the ulcers are unhealthy looking pimples. Distinct tumor felt below the jaw. A horse may live in this condition for two years, always an object of great danger not only to other horses, but to every person who comes near him. From the time of receiving the contagion into the system and the appearance of the disease three to six days usually elapse in the acute form, and in the chronic form from two to three months. From that which has been said above you will see that in the chronic form the general health may not seem to be affected. Be on the safe side, and call a veterinarian.

Filtering Sorghum—Grafting Apple and Pear Trees,

J. S. S., Alpha, Missouri: The "American Gardeners' Assistant" gives different modes of grafting as follows:

Cleft Grafting—This mode of grafting is generally practiced on stocks of from one to two inches in diameter, and may be performed in the following manner: Let the head of the stock be carefully sawed off where the limb is free from knots, and the end pared smooth. Then with a thin knife, split down the stock through the center to the depth of about two inches, and insert a chisel to keep it open for the reception of the scion, which must be prepared in the form of a wedge, with one or two buds in the upper part, and inserted carefully, so that the inner bark of the scion and of the stock may both exactly meet. Large stocks require two scions, one on each side and sometimes four are inserted. When done, tie them firmly together with bass, and then cover the grafted part with well-prepared clay, in an oval form, and close securely.

These directions apply particularly to small limbs or small trees. Those stocks that will pinch the graft sufficiently tight as soon as the chisel is taken out, do not require any binding. When the scions are set in large stocks, it is sometimes necessary to drive a small wooden wedge to prevent the split stock from crushing the scion. A little caution must be exercised on the subject, to have the stock pinch sufficiently tight to hold the scions securely in the desired position, else they will not live. And if the scion be crushed by too severe pressure, it cannot be expected to live.

Side-Grafting—This mode is sometimes practiced on those parts of a tree where a limb is wanting. There are two ways in which it may be performed. 1st. The scion may be prepared in the same manner as for splice-grafting, and the bark and the wood on the side of the stock cut sloping; the scion being then adjusted as carefully as possible, it must be bound on and covered with clay. 2d. The scion being cut sloping, a crosscut is to be made in the side of the tree on top of a perpendicular slit; the bark of a tree above the crosscut must be pared down slanting to the wood, and the bark raised as in budding; the scion being then inserted, it must be bound fast, and covered with clay.

Splice or Whip-Grafting—This mode is often practiced on small stocks, and it succeeds best when the scion and stock are of an equal size. The scion, which should consist of young wood of the former year's growth, may be cut to the length of about four inches. This and the stock are each to be cut sloping for an inch or more, and tongued. Tonguing consists in cutting a slit in the middle of the slope of the stock downward, and a corresponding slit in the scion upward; both are now to be joined, so that of the sides, if not both, shall perfectly coincide, and then securely bound with bass matting and covered with grafting clay or composition. As soon as the scion and stock are completely united, the bass string may be removed.

Saddle-Grafting—The celebrated Mr. Knight practiced this mode of grafting on very small stocks. The upper part of the stock is prepared in the form of a wedge, by two sloping cuts, one on each side. The scion is prepared by slitting it upward, and paring out the middle part on each side to a point. When the stock and scion are of equal size, the adjustment may be made perfect; but if unequal, one side must exactly meet. The whole is secured by a string of bass matting, and covered with composition or clay; but the string must be removed as soon as a perfect union has taken place.

Root Grafting—This operation is often performed on grape vines, just below the level of the surface, by the usual mode of cleft-grafting. It is also performed on portions or pieces of root where suitable stocks are scarce. The main thing in all kinds of grafting is to make a "close fit" between the stock and the scion.

Grafting by Approach—The trees or shrubs to be grafted in this mode must be growing very near to those which are to furnish the grafts. The limbs or branches of each tree which are thus to be united, must be pared with a long sloping cut of several inches, nearly to the center; and the parts of each tree thus prepared are to be brought together, and finally secured by a bandage of matting, so that the bark shall meet as nearly as possible. The graft may then be covered with clay or composition; and when a complete union has taken place, the trees or shrubs may be separated with a sharp knife, by cutting off below the junction.

It may be here observed that, as young grafted trees in the nursery progress in growth, the lower side limbs should be gradually shortened, but not suddenly close-pruned, as they are essential for a time to strengthen the trunks, and to the upright and perfect formation of the tree.

The Best Time to Graft—The best time to graft apple and pear trees is, when they are in blossom. At that time, sap flows more abundantly, wounds heal more readily, and the stock and scion are far more likely to unite than when the sap is not so abundant. I have always heard it remarked that cherry trees should be grafted before the buds begin to swell. But I have always had far better success with scions that were put in when the trees were just about to blossom, than with the grafts that were set in very early or before growing season commenced. The most important consideration is to have good grafts. More scions fail on account of having been injured by being improperly kept than from any other cause.

When beginners prepare the stocks and dress off the ends of the scions with a knife, the cut should be made with a sharp instrument, very true and smooth, and not too sharp-pointed nor too blunt, neither should the end of the scion be too thin nor too thick. If too thin, when the cleft stock closes on it, the scion will be crushed so that it cannot live. If the scion is too thick, the sharpened end will not fit the cleft sufficiently well for the sap to circulate from the stock into the scion. Whatever be the form of the scion, or the shape of the stock, the inside bark of each must be placed together, so that the sap from the stock may pass readily into the scion.

As to filtering sorghum, write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and you will likely get full particulars.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Red Raspberries for the Family,

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have had a long experience in fruit and plant growing, and as no doubt many of your readers will appreciate an answer to Mr. Geo. W. Hess's communication of last week's issue in regard to the growing of red raspberries for family use, I will freely give it herein to all whom it may concern: The red raspberry may be set in either spring or fall. In some sections the fall is prefered and in others the spring time. But they can be successfully set in any state in this great country of ours, either in spring or fall. When set in the fall, anywhere north of the southern boundary of Pennsylvania or Ohio, a good forkfull of stable manure should be thrown around each plant on the approach of winter to prevent heaving by frost and to keep the soil loose when spring comes, as the plants will shoot up from below the surface to make the bearing canes. When well sure that freezing weather is over, scatter the mulch from about the plant, so it will be no hindrance to young shoots getting through the crust. Two-year-old plants are what are always set out. There is no such thing as a 2 or 3-year-old raspberry cane. A plant that comes up this spring will bear next year. It ripens its fruit in June and dies immediately, other plants springing up in the meantime to bear the next season, and thus the plantation is perpetuated for a number of years. Blackberries work on the same principal, and so does the rose and many other plants. Raspberries set this fall or next spring will not bear next season, as there is nothing about it to do the bearing, and young stock must come up and get one year's growth, then it will bear the next season. Raspberries usually bear from one-fourth to one-third of a crop the next year after setting out, and a full crop the following year. Any ground that will grow a good crop of corn or potatoes will grow raspberries. But I would prefer moderately light and dry soil, and in a high state of cultivation.

Any time from October 5 to November 20 in the fall, and March 15 to May 1 in the spring will do to set out raspberries. But in the spring they should be set, if possible, as soon as the frost is out and the soil will work up fine. Set one plant in a hill three feet apart, and rows six to seven feet apart. Two hundred plants is sufficient for a large family supply, for which purpose I would plant Hansell, Brandywine or Gregg. To make a long season I would let at least one-half be Cuthbert, or "Queen of the Market," as it is sometimes called.

Take care of the old strawberry bed, by all means. Go into it once with plow and hoe. Dress it up thoroughly, and just now of next spring prepare a supply of plants of some good late blossoming variety that will not be apt to blossom until after spring frosts are over. If the weeds are high and thick enough, to mow off, that old patch perhaps it would help along the work; it don't matter if it takes off the strawberry leaves, it will not hurt them a particle. This work ought to have been done six weeks ago, but not too late yet if attended to at once.—CALEB BOGGS, Cheswold, Delaware. [Mr. Boggs's communication will be read with interest.—ED.]

Several Good Things.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish the farmers to know that the detested burdock have a value that they will appreciate. Farmers do you save one plant of your burdock? Cut the head or blossom off; it will not spread. When your horses have what is called here slobbers, caused by eating clover, give a big handful of the leaves as a preventive and cure. It is almost impossible, as often they have it fen. No injury will be done by eating too much. Horses do not like it. Add a little salt when giving.

To the one who wants stamp weed, as it is called here, killed, take salt and give a liberal coat before they have time to bloom. The sooner the better, and if they are in patches put all your hedge trimmings on, and when sufficiently dry burn. Nothing but fire and salt will kill your Bergundy weed.

Farmers, here is a recipe. Please paste it in your hats. For water or grain founder take of pulverized alum (put the alum in a stout cloth and beat with a flat iron or hammer) a heaping tablespoonful and give. Wait six hours and if no better give a second dose. It must be a severe case and one of long standing that will require a third. Have no fears of it injuring. It is one the writer has used, and it has done the work even when given up to die by those who profess to know all about the horse and its diseases. I will come again for a remedy with distemper that cures every time if the waste basket does not catch me.

The old BLADE gives my sentiments, "Pulverize the Rum Power," and we will try and do all we can.—E. L. M., Farmersville, Ills. [Yes, we shall be pleased to hear from you again.—ED.]

More About the Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.—I have noticed several communications in the Farm on the farmers Alliance. A marked contradiction appears in the letters of C. L. G. of BLADE, August 8, and several other letters. What we want is the truth—the naked truth. Those who know the Alliance to be a political "cat's-paw" or a swindle, will please have the "cheek" to tell it, for a knotty piece of timber must have smooth wedges. On the other side, those who can vouch for the good intentions of said organization speak out.

But I wish to ask why does the constitution of the Alliance refuse a black or red person? I believe it says a member must be a white person.

Is it because the whites are afraid the colored men will outstrip them, or because they are unworthy of the benefits of the fruits of said organizations? We presume not, for God "hath made of one blood all nations of the earth," and besides the colored races will be indirectly benefited thereby, I ask the question to obtain the truth and gain information.—H. G. MILLER, Russellville, Tenn.

Living Trees for Posts.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will say to J. H. M., of Limeville, Kentucky, that we have three-fourths of a mile of fence, with 75 or 80 living trees for posts. The wire has been on ten years, is in good condition; have not had a break yet caused by trees. I had occasion to raise the bottom wire to the top, did so, put the stretchers on and pulled it as tight as any body could wish it. Did not have a single break. I used the best galvanized wire. There is no question in my mind but that with good wire, trees are the best posts that can be used. So much am I pleased with my experience that I intend to set three-quarters of a mile this fall for that purpose. My experience is the reverse to that of E. R., of Metomen, Wisconsin. But so let it be. Best wishes for the true blue BLADE. —J. R. G., Tamar, Missouri.

Hay Fever No Longer Necessary.

A young lady who went to Marshall Hall with the Six O'Clock club last Saturday was sitting on the deck of the steamer chatting with a friend, when the friend recalled the fact that a few years ago she was a great sufferer from hay fever, and asked if it had troubled her any this summer.

"Oh, my, no," said she; "I haven't had it for three years now. I don't have to have it. I'a let's me go to the mountains now without any excuse at all."—*Washington Post.*

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

JUDGE TERRY KILLED.

Shot Through the Heart for Slapping Justice Field in the Face.

Upon the arrival of the Southern Overland train at Lathrop, Cal., at 7:20 on the morning of Aug. 14, United States Supreme Judge Stephen J. Field, and deputy United States Marshal David Nagle, walked into the depot dining-room for breakfast, and sat down side by side. Soon after Judge David S. Terry and wife came in also. They were proceeding to another table when Mrs. Terry, evidently recognizing Justice Field, did not sit down, but retired to the train for some unknown purpose. Before she reached it, however, and as soon as she had left the dining room, Judge Terry approached Justice Field, and, stooping over him, slapped his face.

At this juncture Deputy Marshal Nagle arose from his seat and shot Judge Terry through the heart. As he was falling the deputy marshal shot again but missed him, the bullet going through the floor. Both shots were fired in very quick succession.

JUDGE TERRY.

The judge never uttered a sound after being shot. He had hardly fallen when Mrs. Terry rushed to the side of his body, and threw herself upon it. Then ensued a scene of the wildest excitement. People rushed from the dining-room, and others came pouring in.

During this time Justice Field and Deputy Marshal Nagle retreated to a sleeping car, where they were securely locked within. At times Mrs. Terry would call upon the citizens to arrest them. Before the train pulled out Constable Walker entered the sleeper and was carried away on board the train. He informed the spectators that he knew his duty and would perform it.

After the shooting Deputy United States Marshal Nagle backed up against the wall of the dining room and warned every one not to arrest him, saying he was a United States officer in the discharge of his duty. There was no semblance of an attempt to molest him at any time.

Constable Walker took Deputy Nagle from the train at Tracy, and proceeded with him to Stockton, where he is now in jail. District Attorney White ordered the arrest of Justice Field upon his arrival in San Francisco, and telegraphed the order to the sheriff of San Francisco.

An Encounter Between Terry and the Justice Not a Surprise.

The announcement that Judge David S. Terry had been shot and killed in a railway depot at Lathrop, Cal., as the result of an attempt to provoke a personal altercation with Justice Stephen J Field of the United States Supreme court, caused extraordinary excitement in San Francisco.

The scene of the tragedy is 83 miles from that city by rail, and is the breakfasting station for the Southern Overland train. The possibility of an encounter between Terry and Justice Field has been recognized ever since the imprisonment of Terry for contempt of court, three months ago, owing to the known temper of the man who killed United States Senator Broderick in the early days of California.

David S. Terry was at one time chief justice of the Supreme court of California, and has always been a prominent figure in the political history of the state. The killing of Broderick caused at the time deep personal resentment against Terry by a portion of the people of the state, which threatened to terminate his career in California, but he always had a number of adherents, and he remained in the state, though he has only once or twice been before the people for position.

He was married to Sarah Althea Hill, who claimed to be the wife of ex-Senator Sharon, while prosecuting her claim against the Sharon estate. This brought him into a resentful attitude toward Justice Field.

JUSTICE FIELD.

The justice last year rendered a decision in the United States Circuit court, in this city, denying her claim to be the wife of Sharon. Mrs. Terry created a scene in court during the reading of the decision, charging Justice Field with being corrupt, and as she refused to remain quiet, Justice Field directed that she be removed from court.

When a deputy attempted to carry out the order of the court, she became involved in a personal quarrel with that official, and Judge Terry interfered, drawing a dagger from his vest. He was disarmed, and both Terry and his wife were adjudged in contempt and committed to jail.

In the meantime, Justice Field went to Washington to resume his duties on the bench, returning to San Francisco six weeks ago. Newspaper articles were printed insinuating that it would be dangerous for Justice Field and Judge Terry to meet personally, as it was thought the latter might insult the former, while the fact was also recognized that Justice Field would be quick to resent an attack from Terry, knowing it could only result fatally to one or the other, in view of the latter's record.

THE BRODERICK DUEL.

The Man Who Killed the Most Popular Man in California.

Hon. D. S. Terry will be best remembered by his connection with the famous Terry-Broderick duel at San Francisco, on September 13, 1859, in which United States Senator D. C. Broderick received a mortal wound, dying two days after.

Terry alleged that Broderick had made some insulting remarks at the public table in the International hotel in San Francisco, and demanded an apology and retraction.

The correspondence which resulted from this led to a duel between Terry, who was then chief justice of California, and Senator Broderick. Terry was seconded by Calhoun Benham and Thomas Hayes; Broderick's second was Hon. Joseph McKibben. They were arrested in their first attempt on the 12th, but the next morning eluded the officials and the duel took place. At Judge Terry's first shot, the Senator fell, the ball having lodged in the right breast.

Terry went immediately to Sacramento and Broderick was taken to his home, where he soon died. Col. Baker, who met death at Ball's Bluff, delivered the funeral oration.

Senator Broderick stood for all that was pure and honest in politics, free soil, free labor, and the vigilance committee, while Terry stood for all the lowest and toughest element that then swarmed to the mines.

From that time Terry has been a marked man. He has, ever in that state where dueling or killing is thought little of, been heartily despised by the better class. His last public appearance before the one chronicled in the above dispatch, was his connection with the notorious Sarah Althea Hill, whose attorney he was in her case against Senator Sharon and to whom he was lately married. During the last appearance of the fair Sarah and her dueling attorney husband in court, Judge Terry kicked so strenuously against the reversal of his wife's case that he was sent to jail for contempt of court.

David S. Terry was born in Todd county, Kentucky, in 1823. He served in the Mexican army under Sam Houston. He came to California in 1849 and settled in Calaveras county. In 1855 he was elected justice of the Supreme court of California on the native American ticket and upon the death of Chief Justice Murray, in 1857, Judge Terry became chief justice.

He was opposed to the vigilance committee of 1856, and stabbed one of the members of the committee who had attempted to arrest Maloney, a friend of Terry's. Terry was held by the vigilantes, but was afterwards released. He killed Senator Broderick in 1859 as a result of political differences, Terry belonging to what was known as the "chivalry" wing of the Democratic party. In 1880 Terry was defeated as a Hancock elector, although his associates were elected. September 8, 1888, he was sent to jail for six months for contempt of court by Justice Field.

SARAH HILL TERRY.

JUSTICE FIELD.

A Statement from the Man on Whom the Assault Was Made.

The following facts were submitted to Justice Field on August 15, and declared by him to be a correct statement of the circumstance that led to the shooting: During Judge Terry's confinement in the county jail he threatened, upon his release, to take the lives of Judges Field and Sawyer. Prior to the contempt of court, for which he was in prison, Mrs. Terry, in his presence, had made an assault on Judge Sawyer in a Pullman car. It is believed that had Sawyer resisted the insult Terry would have killed him.

Terry's threats were so publicly made that they reached the ears of Justice Field's colleagues on the Supreme bench and were made known to the department of justice in Washington, whereupon Mr. Miller, attorney-general of the United States, head of the department of justice, and as the superior officer of United States Marshal Franks, ordered the latter to take whatever measures were necessary to protect the person of Justice Field and Judge Sawyer from assault by Judge Terry. On his arrival in California to hold court in this part of his circuit Justice Field objected to being put under the protection of the marshal's office.

When asked if he intended to carry arms to defend himself, he said: "No; I do not and will not carry arms, for when it is known that judicial courts are compelled to arm themselves for defense of assaults offered in consequence of their judicial action, it will be time to dissolve the courts, consider the government a failure, and let society lapse into barbarism."

Notwithstanding his objection to protection, the marshal decided himself subject to the order of his superior officer, Attorney General Miller, and deputized Mr. Nagle to keep within reach of Justice Field, ready to carry out the orders of the department of justice.

A Verdict Rendered in Accordance With the Above Facts.

At the inquest over the body of Judge Terry, no new facts were developed. A number of witnesses were examined, among them being the proprietors of the hotel at Lathrop. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from the effects of gun shot wounds inflicted by David Nagle at Lathrop.

The coroner arrived at Stockton, Cal., on August 15 with Judge Terry's body in a box covered with white cloth. Mrs. Terry rode in the express car with the remains, accompanied by several friends of the deceased. When the body was taken off the car she followed and rode with it in an express wagon to the morgue. She was distressed, and said it was a most cowardly murder of an unarmed man.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on Aug. 17:

ROBERT B. RENTFRO to be collector of customs for the district of Brazos de Santiago, Texas.

DANIEL L. COLLIER, to be surveyor of customs for the port of Louisville, Ky.

ROBERT A. MOSELY, jr., to be collector of internal revenue for the district of Alabama.

LOUIS B. EINSTEIN, to be collector of internal revenue for the Fourth district of Iowa.

RUDOLPH HERING, of New York city, SAMUEL M. GRAY, o Providence, R. I., and F. P. STEARNS, of Boston, to be sanitary engineers to examine and report upon a system of sewerage in the District of Columbia, as provided by a law passed during last session of congress.

WILLIAM RULE, of Tennessee, pension agent at Knoxville, Tenn., vice D. A. Carpenter, resigned.

The President appointed the following postmasters on Aug. 20:

HENRY C. BOYER, at Shenandoah, Pa., vice John C. Seltzer, removed.

ISAAC DAVIS, at Greenfield, Ind., vice Noble P. Howard, jr., removed.

CHINA'S TRADE.

Very Interesting Figures Collected by Minister Denby.

Among the latest publications by the State department is a report by Minister Denby upon the foreign trade of China, giving some interesting figures. The value of the foreign trade within the control of the customs department for 1888 was $249,701,600, as against $216,841,450 for 1887. The customs revenue was $26,638,600, a gain of $3,016,650.

The value of the exports was $106,261,150, and for 1887, $96,269,650. Tea and silk made up two-thirds of the exports. Silks show a decrease in quantity but sight increase in value.

The export of straw braid has fallen off one-half, from 20,126,933 pounds in 1887 to 10,651,456 pounds in 1888. The reason of this decline is said to be the "dishonesty of native dealers, who cheated buyers abroad by shipping as of uniform quality bales in the center of which they had put worthless braid."

Most of the cotton went to Japan, where an increasing number of cotton mills has been started. Twelve thousand tons of hand-made paper were exported and 60,000 tons of sugar.

Imports for the year 1888 were $183,500,450, a gain of 12 per cent over the previous year. The principal articles were cotton and wool goods and metals. Russian kerosene entered China in 1888 for the first time.

Imports from the United States were of the value of $3,671,900; in 1887 these amounted in value to $3,907,700. Exports to this country were $10,367,450 against $13,277,900 in 1887.

Minister Denby says of the railroad system in China: "In 1888 the railway from Tien Tsin to Tong San, a distance of 80 miles, was built. It takes to a market the products of the Kaiping coal mines.

"As the initial railroad in China its success is to be desired by persons interested in foreign trade. Should the Americans who are now working the Ku-Shan-Izu mines, succeed in their enterprise, it is likely that other mines will be opened and that before many years numerous railroads will be built."

ALIEN LABOR LAW.

An Interesting Case for the Authorities.

An interesting point in connection with the construction of the alien labor law has been presented to the Treasury department by the Austrian charge d'affairs at Washington. A resident of Milwaukee sent money to his brother in Austria to come to this country. The brother, Emerich Hasziels, came to New York, bringing his family, but the collector at that port averred that the immigrant came to the United States in violation of the alien labor law and he was sent back to Austria. Now the diplomatic representative of the Austrian government protests that there was no contract in the case, and that the immigration was legal. Meanwhile the would-be immigrant has present a claim against the department for the amount of the passage money for himself and family.

The collector at New York has been called upon for his version of the case. If it should appear that Hasziels did not seek to enter the United States under contract, then equitably he would be entitled to admission, and also to a refund of the amount of his passage money, but as the alien labor law makes no provision to meet the latter case the department officials have not yet decided how they can make good the lost passage money.

CHILDREN IN FACTORIES.

Interesting Figures on a Very Interesting Subject.

A report to the State department by Consul Farkenbach, of Barmen, on the employment of children in German factories, says:

"Highly important social phenomena are described in the report of the Saxon factory inspectors for 1889, where they refer to the employment of children and juvenile workers in industrial pursuits. The Saxon inspectors, whose service is the best organized in Germany, state, first of all, that during the past year the number of children, from 12 to 14 years of age, an increase of 1,000 in round numbers over the previous year, were employed in industrial establishments.

"The latest reports of the Saxon factory inspectors further contain the very serious and important statement that during the last year the number of juvenile workers between the ages of 14 and 16 increased fully 20 per cent, while the number of the grown-up workers increased only eight per cent. Instead of 19,053, the number in 1886, there are no fewer than 24,111 juvenile workers employed in the largest industrial district of Germany."

Clarkson and the Interior Department.

Speaking of Clarkson reminds me of the gossip recently started in regard to the possible successor of the late Stanley Matthews on the Supreme bench. It has been understood all along that the appointment was to be given to Attorney General Miller, but now it is asserted that the President fears that Mr. Miller cannot be confirmed, and has selected Secretary Noble for the place. In that event it is said that Mr. Clarkson will be transferred to the head of the Interior department. This was the place that Mr. Clarkson wanted originally, and for which he was well fitted, in that he had had a good deal of practical experience in regard to the public lands and the treatment of the Indians. But Gen. Harrison thought that a lawyer should be at the head of a department which was continually considering many intricate questions and which covered such a wide variety of interests. Clarkson has made an excellent assistant postmaster general, and should Mr. Wanamaker retire his promotion would follow as a matter of course. But Mr. Wanamaker is not going to retire, and there is no hope for Mr. Clarkson in that direction. His friends think that he is entitled to something higher than a subordinate position, and that is why his name is constantly mentioned whenever there is an intimation of a vacancy at the head of the Interior department. One thing can be said, and that is that Mr. Clarkson is a first-class executive officer which Secretary Noble is not. Noble is a good lawyer, but he is no better and not considered by those who know the two men as so sound in his legal knowledge as Attorney-General Miller. The friends of the latter still insist that he will be made an associate justice, but I give you the gossip that is now floating on the subject.

Noble and Tanner.

"I can't say that Secretary Noble and Corporal Tanner are on friendly terms, yet the secretary has not demanded Tanner's resignation nor have they had any words yet." The speaker was Gen. Cyrus Bussey, assistant secretary of the interior, at Chicago, August 15, en route to Iowa. "Certain methods of the pension commissioner attracted the attention of Secretary Noble some time ago," continued Gen. Bussey. "He appointed a committee at once to examine some of Tanner's transactions. That committee is now about ready to make its report. If certain charges against Tanner are proved then no doubt Gen. Noble will demand his dismissal. He certainly won't do anything until then and perhaps, after all, everything will be satisfactory."

More Complaints.

The Inter-state commerce commission has received a complaint by the Holly Springs, Miss., Compress and Manufacturing company against the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham railroad company, charging among other things, unreasonable and excessive freight rates on compressed cotton between Holly Springs and Memphis, Tenn.

PENSION RULING.

Assistant Secretary Bussey Overrules the Opinions of Former Officers.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered an important decision on the pension claim of Daniel B. Kaufman, late of Company A, 48th regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, which was brought before him on a motion for reconsideration. In his decision the assistant secretary rescinds rule No. 135 made by Commissioner Black September 4, 1885, and overrules the opinion of ex-Assistant Secretary Hawkins in the same case, that a "dishonorable discharge" from the service operates as a "bar to pension."

He also holds that rule No. 135 was an erroneous interpretation of the statutes granting pensions to the soldiers of the late war for disabilities incurred in the line of duty, and declares that the character of a soldier's discharge cannot affect his claim for pension on account of such disabilities. He holds that a "dishonorable discharge" is a penalty for a specific offense against the service, for which the soldier may be punished, but that the penalty can not include nor relate to a claim for pension based upon disability. The two things are held to be wholly distinct from each other, and are not governed by the same legal considerations.

The assistant secretary holds that for the department to impose upon a soldier the forfeiture of the right to even claim compensation because of a dishonorable discharge which may have been inflicted by court-martial for an offense of which the court had jurisdiction, would be equivalent to punishing the soldier twice for the same offense. In this view he is sustained by a decision of the late Judge-Advocate-General Hon. Joseph Holt. The opinion re establishes the ruling of the department which prevailed through all administrations antedating the issuance of rule No. 135 by Gen. Black.

The opinion fully discusses the history of the pension system and the practice of the department from the organization of that system in support of the present ruling. The decision rendered by ex-Secretary Delano in the case of Conroy, June 9, 1875, is quoted to the effect "that there is no statute which, in terms, imposes upon a discharged soldier of the late rebellion a disability to receive a pension, provided he be disabled by disease contracted or wounds received while in the line of duty as a soldier.

"The act of July 4, 1862, grants a pension to any officer of the army who, since July 4, 1861, has been disabled while in the service and in line of duty. Neither act or any subsequent act amendatory thereof supplementary thereto contains any provision whatever by which a pension is denied to a disabled soldier of the war of 1861 because he was dishonorably discharged. The allowance and payment of pension to such soldier is conditioned alone upon proof of disability incurred in the service and line of duty."

AFTER BENEDICT.

Another Investigation Into the Affairs of the Ex-Public Printer.

The prospect of another investigation of the affairs of the Government printing office, begins to loom up. Nearly a thousand copies of the report on the Nicaragua canal, printed under Public Printer Benedict, are declared to have been bound without the accompanying maps, making the edition worthless.

The finding of some brass scrap pile in a barrel of junk caused the overhauling of Public Printer Round's administration.

The inquiry provoked a great deal of bitterness, and certain members of Congress, who are not admirers of ex-Public Printer Benedict, are likely to ask for an examination of the conduct of affairs under his administration. If there is such an investigation, and it is by no means improbable, the country will discover that Benedict's administration of the office was simply rotten.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

Another Attempt to Collect Long Standing Judgments Held by Uncle Sam.

Solicitor of the Treasury, Hepburn has created quite a stir by the declaration that he is going to make an attempt to collect a large number of old judgments which the United States holds against those who are its debtors. Some of these liabilities date back half a century and their aggregate face value is about $25,000,000. The great majority of the judgments were secured long prior to the war of the rebellion and the contests which will surely follow such an attempt to collect will reveal much that is interesting.

The hard part of all this is that it is not only the family and descendants of the defaulters who will have to bear the consequences of the misappropriation of the funds in days long gone, but also the descendants of those men who went on the defaulters' bonds and became sureties for their honesty and correct administration of the affairs of their office.

Customs Complications.

The Treasury department has refused the application of an Oswego, New York, company for permission to give bond for the re-exportation of a propeller wheel to be attached to a Canadian vessel at an Oswego dry dock. The department holds that as the wheel is intended to become a part of the vessel, no entry for its exportation could be perfected with due regard to the conditions imposed by law.

Colonel Wilson Promoted.

Col. John M. Wilson, engineer corps, late superintendent of public buildings and grounds in the District of Columbia, on August 17 was appointed superintendent of the United States military academy at West Point to succeed Gen. John C. Parke, who was recently retired.

Extra Session.

The President said to Senator Pugh, when the latter called at the White House, that he had not as yet made up his mind to call an extra session of Congress, and while he intimated that one might be called, the President said the matter was as yet undecided.

Resigned.

W. P. Montague, chief of the army back pay and bounty division, fourth auditor's office, has resigned.

FOREIGN.

A Bomb in Rome.

On the evening of Aug. 19 a spherical bomb ten centimetres in diameter was thrown from the chamber of deputies into the piazza colonna at Rome during the progress of a concert. The bomb exploded, wounding six gendarmes and a child. A panic ensued, which was however soon quelled and the injured persons were removed to the hospital.

Boulanger Found Guilty.

The court found General Boulanger guilty on the charge of embezzling public funds, and refused to allow that there was extenuating circumstances. The court then sentenced Gen. Boulanger, Count Dillon and Henri Rochefort to be deported to a fortified place.

Count and Countess Edison.

A special envoy of King Humbert of Italy on Aug. 19, presented Thos. A. Edison, the famous American electrician, with the insignia of a grand officer of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Edison thus becomes a count and his wife a countess.

To Shut Off Boulanger.

M. Constance, French minister of the Interior, has issued a decree which prohibits the hawking and placarding of documents emanating from Gen. Boulanger, Count Dillon or Henri Rochefort.

Boulanger's Latest.

Gen. Boulanger has issued another manifesto. His latest effort is addressed to "The honest people," and declares that it was the senate chamber that procured his conviction.

Foundered at Sea.

The British bark J. C. Williams, which sailed from Buenos Ayres, June 12, for Barbadoes, sprang a leak while at sea and foundered. Her crew have arrived at Barbadoes.

War May be Prevented.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* expresses gratification at the appointment of Chakir Pacha as governor of Crete, and is sanguine that his administration will be successful.

Soudan Operations.

Despatches from the scene of operations in the Soudan state that the friendly tribes have captured Signat.

West Virginia Oil.

The region about Morganstown, W. Va., is in a fever of excitement over the Smith Aiken oil well. It was a test well of the southern extension of the Mt. Morris, Pa., oil field into West Virginia, and came in on Aug. 15 a thousand barrel gusher. It opens up an immensely valuable oil territory.

THE NEW STATES.

NORTH DAKOTA.

The People will Stand by Bismarck as the Capital.

The largest crowd since the convening of the constitutional convention, filled the galleries and lobby of the capitol upon the reassembling of the convention on August 13. The attraction was the expected fight over the article in the constitution locating the public institutions and the report that a delegation of 100 citizens of Grand Forks and a similar delegation from Jamestown were coming, with money and schemes to break the combination and defeat the plan for the location of the institutions. Much to the general surprise, many of the protesting delegations that arrived did not number over fifteen, while nearly 200 citizens from the counties of Cass, Ransom and Barnes came to endorse the action of the convention and oppose the work of Grand Forks and Jamestown, the defeated candidates for the capital. It is now known the $20,000 appropriated by Congress will fall far short of defraying the expenses of the convention. The committee appointed to confer with the secretary of the Territory reported on the 14th that the money would pay the expenses of the convention including all subordinate officers provided for by the enabling act for 31 days.

As the convention has already gone fourteen days over this limit, and as numerous officers not named in the enabling act were necessary, the amount to be paid by the territory will reach at least $10,000, and some estimate it as high as $15,000.

At the evening session on August 14, the chief point of discussion was the Parsons black list section, which the committee on Revision recommended to be stricken out. The recommendation was adopted, and the section was stricken out.

The convention finally adopted the report of the committee on Departments, fixing the number of senators at not less than 30 nor more than 50, and of representatives at not less than 60 nor more than 140; limiting the session to 60 days, but providing that the first session may continue 120 days; requiring a two-thirds vote of the members-elect, instead of the members present, to override the governor's veto; fixing the compensation at $5 per day, and prohibiting members of the legislature from being appointed to office during their terms of office.

The convention also finally adopted as a part of the constitution, the report of the committee on Executive, providing that the Governor shall receive $3,000 per year, and that the other elective state officers shall be a lieutenant governor, secretary of state, auditor, treasurer, commissioner of insurance, attorney general, commissioner of railroads, and commissioner of agriculture and labor, all of whom shall receive $2,000 per year with the exception of the lieutenant governor and the commissioner of agriculture, the former to receive $1,000 and the compensation of the latter to be fixed by the legislature.

An effort to reduce the salaries of the lieutenant governor and the attorney general failed. An effort was made to amend the article so that the governor might be elected to office while serving his term, but it was defeated, on the ground that the governor should not be permitted to be a candidate for the United States Senate, or to be elected to the Senate while exercising the powers of the executive.

A motion was made by Mr. Noble to so amend the report of the committee on revision that instead of having terms of the Supreme court at the seat of the government at Fargo and Grand Forks, they will be held at the seat of government alone.

The report of the committee on elective franchise as reported back by the committee on revision, was adopted finally on Aug. 16. This makes it necessary to submit the question of woman suffrage to a vote of the people before extending suffrage to females. It provides that the general elections of the state shall be biennial, and shall be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November; it gives women the right to vote at all school elections.

The article on municipal corporations was adopted, the section providing that no city, town, or village shall ever become the subscriber to the capital stock or owner of stock of any railroad or private corporation being stricken out. The article on railroads and other corporations has been the bone of contention of the afternoon session, an effort being made to have it so amended that the courts of the state shall have the power to decide what are just and reasonable rates.

WASHINGTON.

A Struggle Over the Matter of Who Shall Vote.

The elective right bill came up for its final passage, but only 33 delegates voted aye and it was defeated, as it takes a majority of all delegates, or a vote of 38 to pass any article. It was sent back to the committee, who are to report a new article. Elective rights will, however, probably be left to the legislature to settle.

The session of Aug. 15 was a lively one. The first subject of discussion was the article on harbors. Delegate Duey, who is a member of Seattle city council, and a claimant of some of the tide lands before the city, introduced a resolution that the tide lands can be leased by the cities before which they lie under such restrictions as their city councils may prescribe, subject, however, to any laws passed by the legislature.

This provoked an animated debate, in the course of which Brown said six out of eight councilmen in a city on Puget Sound were tide land claimants. After the article on harbors was passed, establishing a harbor line beyond which wharves can not be built, Duey's motion was then rejected. He then rose to reply to some remarks made by Delegate Moore, and a bitter discussion, full of personalities, followed. Serious trouble was threatened, when, amid great confusion, the chair announced that a motion to adjourn had been carried, although he had not put it, and no one voted on it. In the afternoon the matter had been settled, and the debate progressed quietly until adjournment.

The 16th was spent by the convention in discussing the question of state sovereignty in tide lands. Only one vote was taken. It was on the general principle of state sovereignty and was largely affirmative. No definite conclusions had been reached when the convention adjourned.

The convention on August 20, by a vote of 35 ayes and 34 noes, defeated the article on state school and granted lands. Several efforts were then made to introduce a substitute for the defeated article, but were all voted down, and the committee on Land was ordered to report a new article. This will delay the adjournment several days, if not longer.

The convention adopted a seal, a vignette of Washington, with the words, "Seal of Washington, 1889."

The article defining state boundaries was also adopted after some discussion over boundary along the Columbia river.

The southern boundary of Oregon is described in an enabling act of that state, as running to North Ship Canal of the Columbia river. There is said to be no North channel now, so the words were changed to "Main channel."

Montana.

The article on elections was unanimously passed and referred to the committee on revision on August 16. Little else was accomplished, except discussing land questions.

Texas Elections.

Republicans in Texas are very much encouraged by the news they have received from Louisiana relative to the election to fill the vacancy in the Congressional delegation from that state caused by the death of Representative Gay. The district was, until Gay became a candidate, considered reliably Republican, but being a protectionist, and withal a wealthy man willing to spend his money, he managed to secure the election for the last two Congresses.

The Republicans hope to carry the district now that they have Gay no longer to contend with, though the Democrats have nominated Gay's son-in-law, in the hope that he will use some of the millions that Gay left behind when he died. There are now two vacancies caused by deaths in the membership of the present Congress, one from the Republican side, Laird, of Nebraska, and one from the Democratic side, Gay, of Louisiana, and the chances are that the Republicans will carry both districts.

Recent Fires.

Aug. 13, in Truckee, Cala., 30 fine buildings, $75,000; in Huntington, Pa., the Huntington car shops, $40,000; in Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 14, block of buildings, $25,000; in New York city, establishment of the Giles Lithographic company, $80,000; Aug. 19, in Dresden, Ont., hub and spoke factory and other buildings, $100,000.

GENERAL NEWS.

INDIANA KICKERS.

Mr. Elam Don't Think They Amount to Much.

Hon. John B. Elam, the junior partner of the Indianapolis law firm, is in Washington. He was asked about those Indiana kickers who are said to be gunning for the President, and said: "I don't think they'll bring down very much game. It is more dust and noise than anything else. Every President has had the same experience with disappointed aspirants from his own state.

"If I recollect there was a good deal of howling around Buffalo about this time four years ago. At the same time I think President Harrison has had more than his share of it. The reason is that Indiana has been a close state politically for 25 years. There have been hundreds of Republicans who have made party sacrifices that deserve reward, but there are thirty-seven other states in the Union, and the President could not give everything to Indiana, even if the applicants had been through the political fights along with him and were comrades as well as friends. The party organization has not been weakened by the malcontents."

"Who will be candidates for the United States Senate if the next legislature is Republican?"

"There is no one who I could name as certain to announce himself as a candidate. Hon. W. H. Michener is frequently referred to in the papers in this connection, but really speculation is still so vague as to be practically worthless.

"However, there is also John H. Baker, of Goshen, a prominent manufacturer. K. S. Taylor, of Fort Wayne, is within the area where lightning might strike. Another possibility is W. R. McKeen, of Terre Haute, who is president of the Vandalia line. Gen. Thomas M. Brown, if he was not in poor health, would be likely to appear in the field.

"If the Democrats carry the legislature, then I fancy it will be a fight between Voornees and Gray. Voornees will want to come back, and Isaac P. Gray thinks of nothing from January 1 til December 31 but his own political preference. In case of a deadlock, Col. Matson might be taken up. His wife, however, wants him to keep out of politics. Any married man can tell you what that means."

OHIO FINANCES.

The Revenues of the State in a Prosperous Condition.

Secretary of State Ryan, has made his settlement with the state auditor for the quarter just ended. The total fees collected, all of which were for filing articles of incorporation, except $147, were $108,292 35. Of this amount $56,439 35 was paid into the state treasury to the credit of the general revenue fund. In obedience to the temporary restraining order, the secretary was compelled to retain in his possession the $52,000 paid by the Wabash Railroad company, at the time of the recent consolidation, and for the recovery of which legal proceedings have been commenced. The receipts for the quarter just ended exceed by over two-thirds the amount collected in any former year from the same source, the increase being due to the excellent law passed at the last session of the general assembly.

The Massie law, which has resulted in thus enlarging the revenues of the state, is one of the measures emanating from the tax revision committee, who recommended a system of indirect taxation by which to raise money for the state, and its success is beyond the expectations of the most sanguine advocates of the plan. A better idea of the increase will be derived when it is stated that for the year 1882, the total receipts from fees in the secretary of state's office was only $1,546 more than the two years of Mr. Newman's term, from 1883 to 1884, the total receipts were $13,075 81. From 1885 to 1888, during the four years of Secretary Robinson's administration, the total fees were $97,900 36, or an average of $24,475 09 a year. The largest fees were in 1887, when the aggregate reached $30,895 80.

Insurance Commissioner Kemp also paid into the treasury $10,367 45, being the amount of fees collected in his department for the quarter.

FROM JOHNSTOWN.

The State Commission Has Agreed Upon Methods of Distribution.

After a conference with the local committee a report was agreed upon by the members of the state commission at Johnstown, Pa., and it will be presented to the full commission at their next meeting. The report provides for the distribution, which from data at hand will amount to $1,149,000, in addition to the $500,000 previously appropriated. Those in classes 1, 2 and 3 will be paid off in full, receiving, respectively, $1,000, $900 and $500 each. This will require $435,000. Classes 4, 5, and 6 are to receive 30, 25 and 15 per cent each respectively and the sums paid to each will be $458,364, $550,000 and $206,250 respectively. This will not exhaust the relief fund by about $60,000.

The passenger receipts at Johnstown station were two and a half times greater this year than last, while the freight receipts were a few thousand dollars less than last year. The general business was largely increased, but the decrease in freights is due to the fact that the Gautier mills are not running this year. Quite a number of valuables have been turned over to-day by persons who had picked them up shortly after the flood. A systematic effort is being made to hunt things up, and much valuable property is being discovered.

BADLY BATTERED.

The Condition of the Boston After Her Accident.

The special board to inquire into the causes of the accident to the cruiser Boston, concluded its work in the Lyceum building at the Brooklyn navy yard on Aug. 15. There are three large holes in the heavy outer plates of the hull and a long indentation under the boiler room. The ribs of the vessel are bent inward where she struck, and they will have to be repaired too. Most of the damaged plates are aft under the engine room.

Two of the holes in the plates are about 3 feet long and 1¼ inches wide, and the other is about 15 inches long and 1¼ inches wide. There is a punctured plate where the long indentation is forward. The holes are all in a line. The injuries extend over a portion of the ship about 36 feet long, and Constructor Hoover estimates that it will take nine plates 16 feet long, 4 feet wide and ¼ inch thick to repair the damage.

The bent portions of the frames will be cut out and new pieces "coliared" on. The constructor will put a force of men at work on the damaged hull as soon as possible. He thinks it will take six weeks to finish the repairs. When the work is done, he says, the hull will be as strong as ever. The findings of the board will be forwarded to Washington.

OLD BLACK JOE DEAD.

The Oldest Man in the State of New Jersey Goes to His Reward.

The original "Old Black Joe" died at Mount Holly, N. J., on Aug. 15, in the little cabin where he has lived for years, just on the outskirts of the town. His proper name was Joseph Queen, and he was undoubtedly the oldest man in the state, being one hundred and twelve years old. He was born in Virginia in 1777, and the fact is recorded in faded characters in an old family bible.

"Old Joe" was a runaway slave and came to New Jersey in 1827, where he was taken care of by some residents of Mount Holly, one of whom is still living and remembers that he was well along in years when he came here. For years past the townspeople have ministered to his wants and kept him in comparative comfort. He was very patriarchal in appearance, and his form was bent nearly double with the weight of years.

A monument will be erected to his memory by the citizens.

TOUGH ON JOHN L.

One Year in the Penitentiary will Break Him Up.

John L. Sullivan was sentenced to twelve months in prison, and Referee Fitzpatrick pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $200 at Purvis, Miss., on Aug. 17.

The statement that champion John L. Sullivan had been sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in Mississippi for prize fighting caused a good deal of excitement among the sporting fraternity of this city. It is the general opinion that if Sullivan be compelled to serve twelve months in that climate, his health will be so impaired that he will never regain his present strength.

TALKING INDIAN.

Chief Mays Makes His Report to the U. S. Commission.

Chief Mays's long-expected answer has finally been given to the Cherokee commission. It is a voluminous document, the burden of which is a discussion of the title to the outlet. Mays says he regrets that the commissioners' proposition made no allusion to the legal status of the lands in question, and that more than one point in the offer either has no legal ground to support it or else the commissioners had deemed best not to refer to these grounds.

He says that the term "outlet" is used unadvisedly by the commissioners, and that all the patent lands of the Cherokees are known by both the Cherokee people and by the United States treaties as the "Cherokee country." Mays says he would like to have a proposition from the commissioners the people can understand.

He says the Cherokee constitution declares that the lands of the Cherokees shall remain common property, and that if the Cherokee people should desire to cede a part of their lands an amendment to the Cherokee constitution would be necessary. The commissioners' proposition will be submitted to the council at its session in November next. He says that matters would not be hastened by calling the council in extra session at this time, as no action could be possibly had until the council following the general election in August, 1891.

In conclusion, he says the Cherokee people take it for granted that Congress will not legislate against the Cherokees in the interest of citizens who desire to despoil them of their rights, and the Cherokee people trust that their weakness as a people will not encourage the power of the United States to enact legislation looking to that end.

The reply of the commissioners to Chief Mayes goes over the ground covered in the original letter, and states the position of the government more fully.

WILL BE A SUCCESS.

General Order Governing the Grand Army Encampment.

It is estimated by careful officials at encampment headquarters at Milwaukee that there will be fully 40,000 genuine old veterans in attendance at the encampment, and there will be at least seven "private citizens" or sight-seers for every old soldier that will be there.

This would bring a crowd of 280,000 visitors. But several observing calculators think the average to each of the 40,000 soldiers will be about five outsiders, in which event there would be a crowd of 200,000 people to be fed and furnished quarters.

These estimates are based on numerous averages taken by officers from requests for quarters daily received from old soldiers for themselves and families or immediate friends, and from people not connected with the order.

A general order issued by Commander-in-chief Warner, under date of August 13, states that the business session of the encampment will convene at the west side of Turner Hall, August 26, at 10 a. m.

The national council of administration will meet at the Pinkinton House August 26.

The parade will take place Tuesday, August 27, and will be commanded by the commander-in-chief in person.

The line of march will not exceed two and a half miles in length.

MORMONS MUST GO.

Southern Citizens Object to the Presence of Polygamists.

The people of Warren county, Ga., have organized themselves to get rid of the Mormons, who are not only making converts among the ignorant, but who have deluded some good citizens into joining them.

On August 19, fifteen well-known citizens arranged themselves around the dwelling of Mr. Filmo Moore, a farmer living on a plantation belonging to Dr. H. W. Pilchet in the Elim district. After several hours of patient waiting the desired persons were seen to leave the house. In a few seconds they were completely surrounded. Some effort was made by Mr. Moore to give them notice of their surroundings, but to no effect. They soon found themselves outnumbered and were marched to a certain dense swamp, into which they were escorted and disciplined with a buggy trace. They were then ordered to make instant departure.

The vigilants announced that they will, at the cost of blood, put a stop to such an influence as this.

ILLINOIS MINERS.

They Will Stand By Their Resolution and Accept No Compromise.

The miners' delegates to the Chicago arbitration meeting, returned Saturday evening, and on Aug. 18 the miners assembled in mass meeting to hear their report. The miners will stand by their resolution, adopted a few weeks ago, not to go to work at anything less than last year's prices, with the same rules and regulations as worked under last year.

No compromise will they accept. They are stubborn and determined to fight the battle out to the bitter end. Though they have already been out on a strike three months unsuccessfully, they appear to be confident of ultimate victory. It is the general opinion that if the Spring Valley coal company does not intend to let its mines remain idle this winter, and will import men, perhaps negroes, if necessary.

There will no doubt be more rioting and bloodshed before the matter is settled. The striking miners will probably never work in these mines. Most of the single men here will seek work elsewhere and not remain at home to consume what charity comes in here for the families of those who are tied here.

Recent Deaths.

In New York city, August 18, Rev. Dr. Amadeus A. Reinke, senior Bishop of the Moravian church in America, aged 67; in Portsmouth, N. H., 14th inst., assistant engineer Joseph B. Upham, U. S. N., aged 49; in New Haven, Ct., 16th inst., Prof. Elias Loomis, LL.D., Monson professor of astronomy in Yale college, aged 78; in Charlotte, N. C., Rev. S. Mulloon, D.D., professor of theology at Biddle Institute, aged 70; in Milnes, Va., ex-Congressman Wm. Milnes, jr., aged 61; in Providence, R. I., Major J. W. Rosler, U. S. A. The Baroness de Struve, wife of the recent Russian minister to Washington, is dead. James Aikers, the English dramatic critic, is dead; also the Archbishop of Bordeaux; in Porto Rico, 19th, Edward Conroy, U. S. consul general, the oldest of United States consuls; in Paris, M. Jacques Damala, husband of Sarah Bernhardt, the actress.

Congressman Laird Dead.

A dispatch from Hastings, Neb., on Aug. 17, announced the death of Congressman Laird of that state.

Manitoba Harvest.

Harvesting is in progress throughout Manitoba. The weather has been favorable for operations in the harvest-field, and there seems reason to believe that the entire crop this year will escape frost. It will also grade high. Reports received indicate a more hopeful condition of things than existed a month ago, but the aggregate yield must of necessity be small when the large acreage under cultivation are taken into consideration. There seems good reason to believe, however, that the yield will equal, if not exceed, that of last year. The second crop bulletin issued by the Manitoba government places the average yield at fourteen bushels to the acre.

Texas Fever.

Texas cattle fever has made its appearance in St. Louis and there appears to be a conspiracy to prevent the discovery of the fact. Some time ago a number of cattle consigned from Texas became afflicted in pens here, and 35 died of the fever. Since then a number of milch cows in that vicinity have died from the fever, and there is some alarm as to the city's milk supply. Health Commissioner Dudley denies the existence of the fever, while the dairy inspector does not credit it. Cattle men, however, claim the disease from which the animals died was Texas fever, pure and simple.

Hops Coming Along Nicely.

It is estimated that though the hop crop of Washington Territory has suffered slightly from drought and blight, the crop of 1889 will greatly exceed that of 1888. The area planted this year is 33 per cent larger than last year.

This increased acreage will produce, in the aggregate, a good crop. The yield, per acre, will be 10 per cent less than in 1888. The crop in White River valley is looking well, and hops will be of good quality in that section. The Puget Sound & Lake Shore road has largely increased their warehouses in anticipation of a heavy yield.

AMONG THE CLOUDS.

A Child's Exciting Experience at a Picnic.

Little 2-year-old Sophie Schwab involuntarily became a balloonist Sunday at Chicago, and was wafted high up over the broad bosom of Lake Michigan. A rifleman's skill saved the child's life. The exciting incident took place at Sheffield park and was witnessed by 1,500 picnickers. An Italian peddler of toy balloons attempted to serve two purchasers at once and in doing so let go his string of bright colored globes.

The cord got twisted about Sophie's left arm and also in her hair and the buoyant rubber bubbles started heavenward, taking the youthful aeronaut along. Sophie's mother shrieked and fainted. The bystanders stood horror stricken, scarcely breathing as the balloon swept close to a large oak tree and the infant grasped a handful of twigs and checked her flight. A muscular young German was ascending the tree in an instant and then crept out on the branch nearest the child.

At this moment Sophie's puny strength gave out and the balloons, suddenly released, went again upward at least 100 feet, drifting then out over the lake. Gust Koch, a sharpshooter who was attending the picnic with his repeating rifle, hurriedly jumped into a skiff with two companions and put out into range. Koch succeeded in piercing several of the balloons, each successful shot helping the bunch to descend. Before it finally reached the water the boat was at the spot and little Sophie did not even get her feet wet.

ROBBED THE MAIL.

A $10,000 Pouch Cut Open and Left Beside the Track.

The fast mail train which arrived in St. Louis Sunday night over the Vandalia was robbed at Terre Haute, Ind., while the mail clerks and train hands were at supper. It is said that one pouch containing registered letters was taken.

The pouch was supposed to contain about $10,000. Diligent inquiry resulted in a semi-confirmation of the rumor, it being admitted that a pouch was missing but had afterwards been recovered. It is not known in what condition the pouch was when found, as the postal authorities are very reticent about the matter.

Postmaster Wm. Hyde says the only information he had received from Terre Haute was that one registered pouch was stolen from the mail car and that it had been found in an hour after the train had passed, lying by the side of the track cut open and rifled of its contents. The pouch was a through one from Albany to St. Louis.

Its exact contents could not be ascertained, but the letters are reported as bearing for the most part remittances for cattle transactions, and in this case they would probably contain large sums of money. Many of the packages probably had remittances covering the value of several car loads of cattle, and this would swell the total amount up to a considerable figure. Checks were doubtless sent in some cases and in these no loss would be sustained aside from inconvenience and delay.

FROM PUGET SOUND.

The Irrigation Committee Have Arrived at Portland.

The United States Senate committee on irrigation and reclamation of arid lands of which Senator Stewart, of Nevada is chairman, arrived at Portland, Org., from Puget Sound, on Aug. 15. The party consists of Senators Wm. M. Stewart of Nevada, John H. Reagan of Texas, and John K. Jones of Arkansas; Major G. W. Powell, director of the United States geological survey; Col. Richard Hinton, irrigation engineer; Eugene Davis, sergeant-at-arms; J. R. Boswell, official stenographer; C. J. Cappell, clerk of the committee; Dr. Hines, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Warman, secretary to Major Powell. Senator Plumb, of Kansas, will rejoin the party at Boise City.

The party started from St. Paul August 2, and have visited and taken testimony in the two Dakotas, Montana and Washington territory. The committee has had 25 sessions and examined 200 witnesses. They leave this morning for Walla Walla, where a session will be held. From there the committee proceeds to Baker City, thence to Boise City, Idaho, to Salt Lake and westward to California and Nevada, into which they were escorted and disciplined with a buggy trace. They were then ordered to make instant departure.

The vigilants announced that they will, at the cost of blood, put a stop to such an influence as this.

TO REBUILD THE DAM.

Johnstown to Again be Under the Waters of a Reservoir.

The general impression that the South Fork dam would never be rebuilt appears to be erroneous, as there is strong probability that a fishing lake will again be established in that locality. A member of the Pittsburg fishing club of that name said on August 20 that the belief that South Fork had been abandoned as a club resort was mistaken. The club, he said, could not afford to lose all the money it had invested in real estate in that locality.

The property was worth fully $200,000, and if the fishing resort was not re-established the whole investment would become almost a dead loss. The intention, however, was not to build a dam of the size of the one destroyed, but one which would make the lake much less in size, so that in the event of the barrier again giving way no destruction to life and property would follow.

No move in that direction will be made until after the damage suit now pending against the stockholders is settled either by being paid or compromised. The object is to establish a fair sized pond capable of holding a good stock of fish.

CATTLE INSPECTION.

Dressed Beef Having Trouble Getting Into Minnesota.

Attorney General Clapp, of Minneapolis, says that in his opinion the cattle inspection law of Minnesota is constitutional, despite the rulings of the Duluth judges. He says the case was not properly presented to them.

"What will be done if dressed meats are shipped into the state, and the law defied?" he was asked.

"The dealers will be prosecuted, that is all," he replied.

Senator Cheffert, of St. Paul, the author of the bill, says of the Duluth decision:

"I have not lost a particle of faith that the bill is not only a wise but a constitutional measure. The Judiciary committees of both the Senate and House were almost unanimous that the bill was constitutional, though they differed as to whether it was wise. This case in Duluth has many peculiar phases.

"I cannot understand how the matter could have been exhaustively presented and carefully considered in the short time devoted to it. The defense could not have been made in proper shape. If the law is not constitutional it will not be long before the constitution is changed so it will be. You remember it was constitutional to own a slave once, but it is not now."

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